

## Quarterly

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# CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## California Historical Society Quarterly

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### THE CHRONICLES OF GEORGE C. YOUNT California Pioneer of 1826

#### INTRODUCTION

Through the kindness of Mrs. Mary E. Bucknall and Mrs. Georgina F. Jones, and the courtesy of their friend, Mr. Francis P. Farquhar, the California Historical Society has had access to the manuscript reminiscences of George C. Yount, a representative American pioneer, soldier, hunter, trapper, overlander and frontiersman, who became the first settler and agriculturist in Napa Valley, and in his later days a venerable patriarch known far and wide as a remarkably generous and kindly man. In the course of his life George Yount pioneered almost the entire breadth of the continent and was associated with many very early events during the American occupation of the West.

The manuscript which Mr. Farquhar has transmitted to the Society comprises a series of detailed but disconnected and unarranged reminiscences taken down by the Rev. Orange Clark, whose son, John Goddard Clark, has furnished some particulars regarding his father.

Dr. Clark was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, on September 17, 1797. He entered Harvard College in 1822 and received honorary degrees from Columbia (A. M. 1834) and Hobart College (Sc. D. 1838). After his college career he became principal of a girls' school, and later entered the ministry, becoming ordained in the Episcopal Church. With his son, then a lad of seventeen, he came to California, arriving in San Francisco Bay April 11, 1851. He traveled about the bay region officiating in various country parishes. At this time he met George Yount and conceived the idea of preserving an account of his life. He wrote down the story while Mr. Yount told it.

Mr. John Clark's recollection is that the manuscript was never published because of some objection, perhaps on the part

of Yount's widow. He wishes it stated that whatever errors may have occurred were not the intention of his father, who tried faithfully to transcribe what Mr. Yount said.

Dr. Clark died in San Francisco, October 9, 1869. Part of his manuscript was left in the keeping of Mr. Yount at the time it was finished, presumably in the year 1855. This portion (145+55 pages) was divided into chapters as if for a book and written on loose sheets, at least 125 pages of which are missing.

The section which the Clark family retained was in a large notebook ( $8\frac{1}{8} \times 12\frac{3}{4}$  inches, 90 pages of MS, 55 pages blank) and appears to be more disconnected and unarranged than the matter contained in the loose sheets, which it duplicates to some extent. Extracts from both sections of the manuscript have been included in the present account; those from the sheets being designated "(Clark MS a)" and from the notebook "(Clark MS b)."

Clark's account is not used here in its entirety. Parts are excerpted and rearranged to make a connected narrative, and gaps are filled with data from the memorial pamphlet by Yount's granddaughter, Mrs. Watson.<sup>1</sup> Further material has been added from sources noted in the citations and from the personal recollections of Mrs. Bucknall and Mrs. Jones, George Yount's granddaughters.

Mrs. Mary Eliza Bucknall, born April 1, 1845, was the first child of Anglo-Saxon parentage born in what is now San Francisco, then Yerba Buena. Her mother was George Yount's youngest daughter, Elizabeth Ann, who married John Calvert Davis. Mrs. Bucknall has vivid recollections of her grandfather and of the early days in California. She was raised by an Indian nurse on her grandfather's ranch at Caymus. She remembers the parade on the first Admission Day, San Francisco, September 9, 1850, when as a little girl dressed in white, riding in a decorated chariot, she represented the infant State. She is the only woman holding membership in the Society of California Pioneers and had the honor of breaking ground for the California Building in the San Francisco Exposition, 1915.

<sup>1</sup>—Watson, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann—*Sketch of the Life of George C. Yount* (without place, date, copyright or pagination; circa 1915, small 8<sup>o</sup>, 16 pp., 4 pls., including 2 ports.). The facts were probably taken for the most part from the complete MS a of Clark.



Mrs. Bucknall and Mr. Farquhar have collaborated in the preparation of this paper.

### EARLY DAYS

It was no mere chance that among those pioneers who preceded the flood of settlement which peopled in so short a time the expanse of our early West, so many were nurtured in the school of Daniel Boone—the trans-Alleghany wilderness—the forbidding forests and dark battlegrounds of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, where courage and hardihood were prime requisites, and skill with firearms, the axe and the plow, part of the fundamental knowledge of every man. In this field grew up a race of sharpshooters destined to tread the first paths of civilization across this continent; a race confident in knowledge of superiority in the crafts of woods and plains—in hunting, the establishment of wilderness homes, and defense against savage cunning; and possessed of a peculiar restlessness and love of “elbow room,” a nomadic spirit inherited from their forebears who pressed out from the seaboard into the great unknown. A century and a quarter ago the Kentuckians, Tennesseans and Missourians were all pioneers. Numbers of them, leaving their families, their cabins and clearings, to become wandering hunters and trappers, eventually found their way to California. George C. Yount, the story of whose life is that of a second “Enoch Arden,” was one of these.

George Yount was born on May 4, 1794, at Dowden Creek, Burke County, North Carolina. His father, Jacob, served under General Greene in the Revolution at the siege of Charlestown. In 1804, Jacob Yount journeyed with his wife and his eleven children from North Carolina to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, then a wild region. At the outbreak of the War of 1812, Jacob and five of his sons volunteered. George enlisted on May 3, 1812, and, as related by Mrs. Watson in her pamphlet, pp. [4-5], “was ordered to join a company of mounted riflemen under Captain Maurice Young, and go to the front to fight the Indians. He went from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis, then to Camp Springs, which at present forms part of the city of St. Louis. . . . In 1814, Indian depredations began again and George Yount had another taste of war. Under General Dodge he marched to Cap au Gris, and from there to Boone’s Lick, the Shawnees and Delawares, friendly Indians, going with

them a distance of one hundred and forty miles. The British, as usual, sought alliance with the savage tribes and sent them to murder the peaceful settlers. We, with the aid of the Delaware and Shawnee Indians, captured several hundred men, women and children of the hostile tribes, and for a time peace was restored, but in 1815 another panic spread through the border towns and it became necessary to take the field again and George Yount was made lieutenant of a detachment of four hundred men. Colonel [Nathan] Boone [son of Daniel Boone] now assumed command and George Yount and his men were sent to Fort Sanderson.<sup>1</sup> Routing the Indians after several weeks' service the troops returned to St. Louis. . . . During the winter and spring the farmers cultivated their crops, and George Yount's command garrisoned Cooper's Fort and scoured the country for more than thirty miles in different directions to keep off the treacherous Indians, and in the fall the soldiers were again disbanded and George Yount's military career in Government service terminated.

"In May, 1816, George Yount with a party of youthful volunteers took to the fields again. . . . The Indians, under Black Hawk, resorted to stealing the negro slaves, and it was only after many days' pursuit that they were dispersed, and for a time there was no more trouble in that part of the country."

The following year George Yount engaged as a market hunter, and in 1818 he embarked in the cattle business, driving his stock to market in Howard County, Missouri. He rapidly accumulated property and became the owner of a large well stocked farm. At the age of twenty-four he married Eliza Cambridge Wilds, of Kentucky. Everything went well until he found that his savings had been stolen by a neighbor to whom he had entrusted them. Yount's wealthy father-in-law, who had opposed his marriage, would not assist him. Two or three hard years on the farm caused Yount to sell all his herds "and after paying his debts he gave his wife all that was left and launched out again to try for another fortune." (Watson, p. [6].)

<sup>1</sup>—Fort Sanderson—evidently this is *Côte Sans Dessein*, "now called Bakersville, on the Missouri River, in Callaway county [Missouri] . . . settled by the French in 1801. This little town was considered at that time, as the 'Far West' of the new world. During the War of 1812, at this place many hard-fought battles occurred between the whites and Indians, wherein woman's fortitude and courage greatly assisted in the defense of the settlement."—*History of Callaway County, Missouri*, St. Louis, 1884, pp. 25, 166-169.



Leaving his wife and their two children, he made arrangements with "Hickman and Lamme"<sup>1</sup> to conduct their teams to New Mexico over the Santa Fé trail. He received fifty dollars in advance.

Yount now became a wandering trapper. Seventeen long years elapsed before any of his family rejoined him. During this time his son died and his wife, having given her husband up for lost, had remarried. When first news of him was received in 1842, his two daughters, one of whom, although seventeen years old, had not seen her father, were brought across the plains to him. He was destined never to see his wife again. She died in 1850.

### TRAPPING IN THE SOUTHWEST

Arriving in Santa Fé, presumably in the fall of 1825, George Yount soon found himself out of work and joined a party of beaver trappers (probably under the leadership of Ewing Young) bound for the Salt, Gila and Colorado rivers.

They passed the Copper Mines of Santa Rita and went down the Salt River to the territory of the Pima and Maricopa Indians. It is evidently this expedition to which Clark refers when he says (MS b. pp. 18-20):

A portion of the party had parted from their fellows to trap the San Francisco alone while the main body pressed their way down towards the Gila—Various incidents & adventures (the wolf, Coyota &c) induced them to retrace their steps to rejoin the main body—On the San Francisco they discovered antient ruins of Adobee & a Canal on each side of the river (50 yds wide) a distance of 30 miles—These canals very antient, dry, the dam gone—Canals 15 ft wide—Soon after commencing their march to rejoin their fellows when seven Indians made their appearance urging on fast to overtake them—Coming up they urged the trappers to encamp and await the arrival of their Big Chief, who they said was coming to smoke with them the pipe of peace & love—with friendly intentions & important communications & advantageous—First affectionate, then invited, then urged importunately, coaxed & finally became insolent, audacious & abusive—They had bows & arrows & were on foot—It became evident they were bent on some evil—& would retard the trappers march—They followed on close behind & could easily keep pace with the

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<sup>1</sup>—Hickman and Lamme—James Hickman and John Lamb, Kentuckians, were pioneer business men of Franklin, Mo., where they operated a large general store purchasing goods in Philadelphia. *History of Howard and Cooper Counties, Missouri*, St. Louis, 1883, p. 167. I am indebted to Mr. J. J. Hill, Assistant Librarian of the Bancroft Library, for this reference.

horses and mules—At length a portion of the trappers deemed it prudent to ride behind them, which they did all day—Some advised to kill the seven, which might easily have been done, but were overruled—Suddenly appeared coming over the [hill] a band of more than One Thousand, &, then it became apparent that the seven were spies—or decoys—This army kept at a respectful distance evidently waiting the concerted signal—The seven dare not give it, well knowing that it must secure to them speedy death—It was a long day—very hot, no water for themselves or their animals—Every Rifle cocked & every pistol with loosened holsters—The day declining, the tawny host hovering on their flank & how far distant their friends they knew not—The evening closed in, grey mists were fast thickening when as they came over a hillock they discried the camp fires of their friends—The seven fled & the flanking host disappeared—They proved to be a party of Apaches, which nation was then at war with the Pimos & Maricopas—& had lately been severely beaten in a bloody battle—Those indians were at that time greatly afraid of the whiteman's rifle not the lightning to them was more formidable—They could not comprehend it—They deemed the whiteman, with his rifle almost a conjurer—& the instrument a sort of superhuman thing dealing death anywhere in sight at the conjurer's will—They were slow to encounter in conflict even the smallest number of armed trappers, unless they could fall up on them by surprise or circumvent them by treachery—Savages on the Rivers Salt, San Francisco &c are not agriculturulists—They do indeed raise meager crops, but they only plant & harvest—But a far different race must have once dwelt there—as the abovenamed Canals & ruins indicate—See Young & Yount<sup>1</sup>—The parties of trappers were restricted to certain sections of the rivers, which lead to a discovery of the murder of Reubadeux's party<sup>2</sup>—This was avenged in a declared war—bloody battle—& afterwards a treaty of peace & friendship which the Pimos & Maricopas have ever since scrupulously kept sacred—Thirty two white men fought and conquered the combined army of both nations—fought from morn till night & slew an immense number

<sup>1</sup>—A reference to a chapter of MS a, now lost.

<sup>2</sup>—Mrs. Watson's account, p. [6], probably taken from some portion of Clark's MS now missing, reads:

"They were encamped on the very spot where the Reubadoux party of sixteen had been killed by the Pimos and Maricopa Indians less than three weeks before. The trappers now numbered thirty-two and it was not long before they were surrounded by Indians."

Joseph, Louis and Antoine Robidoux were brothers. Joseph founded St. Joseph, Missouri, naming it after himself. Louis came to California in 1844 and settled on the Jurupa ranch, now Riverside. Antoine may be the "Miguel" Robidoux referred to by Narbona. He is prominent in the annals of the Southwest, having established a trading post on the Gunnison River, in what is now western Colorado, and another on the Uintah River in an unfrequented part of northeastern Utah, at a date certainly later than the winter of 1833-34 (Carson MS *Narrative*). Here, as before upon the Gila, he was the sole survivor of an Indian attack made on the post in 1844. He acted as Interpreter for Gen. S. W. Kearny in 1846, and was badly wounded in the Battle of San Pasqual. Bancroft says he died in 1860, in St. Joseph, Missouri, at the age of 66.



—Thomas Smith (Peg leg)<sup>1</sup> killed the first Indian in the morning and took his scalp.

Readers of Pattie's famous Personal Narrative<sup>2</sup> will perhaps suspect that it was Yount's party that Pattie met immediately after the massacre of Pattie's comrades, the "frenchmen." The evidence for this point is sufficiently conclusive. Yount's first journey to the Gila was in the same year (1826) as the younger Pattie's second trip. The number of men in the combined Yount-Pattie outfit after the massacre is stated by Yount to have been thirty-two, by Pattie, thirty-three. Pattie's count included the "french captain" who was wounded and doubtless could not fight. Pattie states that 110 Indians were killed, agreeing with what Yount calls "an immense number." Pattie said there were thirteen all told in his party—and only he and two others escaped. Yount's recollection was that sixteen of Robidoux' men were killed.

The documents of Antonio Narbona, Governor of New Mexico in 1826, have been reviewed by T. M. Marshall (*South-west Hist. Quarterly*, vol. 19, Jan. 1916, pp. 251-260. Also published in Stephens and Bolton, *The Pacific Ocean in History*, 1917). From the Narbona documents it appears that about one hundred foreign trappers invaded the far Southwest in

<sup>1</sup>—Clark (MS b, p. 22) has the following note on Peg-leg Smith:

"Thomas Smith

Is a somewhat remarkable trapper, having dwelt & married among the Snakes & Blackfeet—He boasts that he never slew an indian without taking his scalp—& his scalps have been his trophies—He has lost one leg & wears a woden one & therefore is called by his fellows Pegleg—Dwelling among the abovenamed indians, he greatly aided the early emigrants with his numerous herd of horses—There is something in his address, which is difficult to describe, & before which the most daring savage will recoil—Not unlike the notorious Jack Hays in this respect—Smith is entitled to great credit for his humane treatment of emigrants relying on the sense of obligation in the Government of a generous Republic—But the event now in his old age & poverty proves that his reliance was misplaced—Suffering now under the iron hand of poverty, he must continue thus to suffer unless death or the Govt of his country shall interpose for his relief; But the former is more likely than the latter—

"Gold—

About one & a half days march above the head of the Colorado gold has been found in great abundance—many years ago,—I[t] could be gathered on the surface in great abundance—But the country is very barren & hot—"

The note on "Gold" in this connection seems to be an early chronicle of "Peg-leg's lost Gold Mine" which has mystified Colorado Desert prospectors for the past fifty years. "Peg-leg" Smith died in San Francisco in 1866.

<sup>2</sup>—Flint, Timothy—*The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie of Kentucky* . . . . Cincinnati: 1831, 300 pp. (cf. pp. 83-88).

1826. Among the eleven names mentioned are those of "Miguel Robideau" and "Joaquin Joon" [Ewing Young]. Robidoux and Pratt (one of the Pattie party) are said to have led a band of "thirty-odd" trappers, the party that was massacred on the Gila. "Joon" is said to have commanded a like number: the party Yount accompanied.

Pattie, according to his own dates, which are unreliable, left the Copper Mines Jan. 2, 1826. On the 28th he arrived at the "Papawar" [Papago] village where the massacre occurred at midnight on Jan. 29-30. In the evening, Jan. 30, Pattie and his two surviving companions met a party of thirty men. This was doubtless the expedition that Yount accompanied, although from what Yount says it would not appear that he joined Pattie quite so soon after the disaster.

Of the morning on which the two parties united, Pattie says (**Narrative**, p. 89):

As soon as it was brightdawn, we all formed under a genuine American leader,<sup>1</sup> who could be entirely relied upon. His orders were,

<sup>1</sup>—This was probably Ewing Young, captain of many of the earlier trapping expeditions through the Southwest, and pioneer of trade routes from Missouri to Santa Fé, Salt Lake, California and Oregon. He seems to have been a man of extraordinary vision, enterprise and true ability as an organizer and leader. His accomplishments as a pathfinder were nearly as great as those of Jedediah Smith. Unfortunately, only the barest outline of his early career in the Southwest is known to us.

Young is said to have first gone to Santa Fé with Captain William Becknell and William Wolfskill in 1822, on the first trip with wagons over that famous trail. In February, 1824, he was with Slover and Wolfskill on a trapping expedition to the San Juan and other tributaries of the Colorado. Wolfskill says he met Young again in Howard County, Missouri, in the spring of 1826 and that they immediately returned to Santa Fé, and Young, being taken sick there, hired Wolfskill with a party of eleven including Sublette and "Peg-leg" Smith to trap on the Gila. The expedition was unsuccessful and was driven back by the Indians. "Soon after the return of this party," says Wolfskill, "Young started out with about 30 men for the same place, where he chastised the Indians, killing several chiefs, etc., so that his party was enabled to trap unmolested."

Allowing for some discrepancy in dates as recorded by Pattie and by Wolfskill, we may surmise that Young's punitive expedition with 30 men was the one that Yount accompanied, and Pattie joined, in 1826. There is also some possibility that Pattie's unsuccessful second trip on the Gila (1825), on which Pattie says his party numbered 14 men, is identical with that disastrous trip with 11 men which Wolfskill commanded in 1826 (cf. Barrows, in *Wilmington Journal*, vol. 2, no. 49, Oct. 20, 1866).

As this article goes to press a paper appears by Mr. J. J. Hill in the *Grizzly Bear*, March, 1923, in which, in independent research, similar conclusions are reached regarding Yount's association with the Pattie expedition of 1826.

that twenty should march in front of the pack horses, and twelve behind. In the evening we encamped within five miles of the Indian village, and made no fires. In the morning of the 31st, we examined all our arms, and twenty-six of us started to attack the village . . . . In less than ten minutes, the village was so completely evacuated, that not a human being was to be found, save one poor old blind and deaf Indian, who sat eating his mush as unconcernedly as if all had been tranquil . . . . We did not molest him . . . .

In the morning of the 1st of February, we began to ascend the Black river [Salt River]. We found it to abound with beavers . . . . We travelled up this stream to the point where it forks in the mountains; that is to say, about 80 miles from its mouth. Here our company divided, a part ascending one fork, and a part the other. The left fork heads due north, and the right fork north east. It was my lot to ascend the latter. It heads in the mountains covered with snow [White Mountains], near the head of the left hand fork of the San Francisco. On the 16th, we all met again at the junction of the forks. The other division found that their fork headed in snow covered mountains [San Francisco Mountains], as they supposed near the waters of Red river [Colorado River]. They had also met a tribe of Indians, who called themselves **Mokee**. They found them no ways disposed to hostility . . . .

We thence returned down the Helay, . . . . We trapped its whole course, . . . . to its junction with Red river. The point of junction is inhabited by a tribe of Indians called Umene [Yumas].

Clark (MS b, p. 20) gives Yount's account:

A little below the villages of the Maricopas, on or near the Gila, south side, is a lake abounding with Black Beaver—It is near the junction of the Gila with the Colorado—The Yumas dwell near it—a tribe of agricultural & friendly indians— . . . The Yumas raise all the vegetables but the Potato & they are generous & humane & might easily be civilized—

Pattie indicates that from the Yuma district his party went up the Colorado past the villages of the Cocomaricopas, who were then (March 1) living on the great river, to the country of the treacherous Mohaves who fought them (March 6-12).

Yount's account of the Mohaves (Clark MS b, pp. 20-21) follows:

#### [THE MOHAVES]

As you ascend the Colorado, much above the junction of the Gila & Colorado, you find the Nation of the Mohavies—a numerous tribe, totally different from their neighbors, the Yumas from whom they have learned a very little of agriculture—live quite nakid—on a very rich soil, but totally neglected—They will sell any quantity of vegetables, when they have any, for a strip of an old worn out shirt of



cotton cloth—faithless—treacherous—cruel and savage in the last degree—The utmost precaution is requisite in travelling thro their territories—But all the region where they dwell is infested with venomous reptiles—The Rattlesnake is found there numerous & very large—They have been killed there six inches in diameter, & twelve feet long with Twenty Rattles<sup>1</sup>—Their dens contain hundreds—But the Indians have infallible remedies for the bite of not only the Rattlesnake but all other venomous reptiles—It is made chiefly from a species of the Prickly Pear which abounds there & they always carry it with them in their migrations They take it inwardly & put it in the wound—From the same plant they prepare the poison for the points of their arrows—Very little of the Pear is used in this—They procure the liver of some animal, or of some deceased indian—& then capture one or more Rattlesnake & also the viper—& by provoking them, cause them much as possible to bite the liver—This liver, thus saturated with the venom, they put in a horn & sit it away to rot, having first mashed it together with one or more vipers—When the mass is thoroughly putrified & rotted they dilute it with the blood of a woman, which they deem the most poisonous of fluids except the venom of a serpent—In this they dip the points of their arrows If they exhibit a certain color, after being dried in the sun, they are perfect—if not, the process must be repeated—Thus they prepare the instruments of death which are so very fatal—The Indians can even cure the wound from the poisoned arrow with the remedy above described—When game is scarce or very wild they use poisoned arrows in hunting—An animal shot with these arrows will die in half an hour & their dogs can soon find them—But the poisoned meat is restored & made healthful by being buried for a season in the earth—How did the indian come to regard the blood of a woman as so very poison? Had the fall of our common Mother any thing to do with it? Not the Mohavies alone, but all the indians in their neighborhood adopt this mode of poisoning arrows—The Mohavies are said to number Five Thousand Warriors—& they hold the neighboring tribes in perpetual fear & dread—Bows & Arrows & a huge Club & rude spear were their only arms in 1828—now [1855] they probably have firearms—as have most of the tribes of the west—The cupidity of the large Fur Companies has led them, most unwisely to traffic with these tribes in arms & ammunition for furs, for which they pay, or will pay dear in the end—It would matter but little if the resulting evil could be confined to those who sell them these articles of death But unfortunately it is not so—The emigrant & the adventurous pioneer are the chief sufferers . . .

Pattie's route took him back to Santa Fé by way of the south rim of the Grand Canyon (March 28), the country of the Shoshones (April 16), the "chief village" of the Navajos, possibly on the San Juan River (April 23), the Continental Divide (May 1), the South Fork of the Platte (May 7), the Big Horn River (May 31), the Yellowstone, Clarke's Fork of

<sup>1</sup>—Rattlesnakes in the region of the lower Colorado River rarely attain even six feet in length.

the Columbia (June 11), the headwaters of the Arkansas (July 1), the Rio del Norte (July 20), the "chief village" of the Navajos again—"50 miles from the Rio del Norte"—and thence to Santa Fé on August 1—time four months, distance over 2100 miles—better than 17 miles per day and trapping part of the way! It seems incredible.

There appears no mention anywhere in the Clark MS of such a trip. Whether Yount remained with Pattie or came back to New Mexico before him I do not know. Certainly he was again in New Mexico in the summer of 1827, and there is some mention later on of his furs being confiscated, as were Pattie's, by the Mexican governor. He evidently stayed in New Mexico long enough to become acquainted with the Indians of which he has left the following descriptions (Clark MS a, small sheets, pp. 46-50):

#### THE TAOS INDIANS

The Taos Indians have their town, or cluster of towns at the foot of a lofty chain of mountains—The dwellings are erected in long blocks, five stories high, and are intended, not only for dwellings, but for fortifications—They have no entrance except on the roof by a trap-door—They ascend on rude ladders capable of being drawn up & laid upon the roof—Here they are afforded a secure retreat from their enemies, the Eutaus, Camanches, Apaches & others—It is a remarkable fact that, although the Spaniards who have settled around them & multiplied ever since they overran the country are corrupt to the last degree, so that chastity among the female sex is almost unknown, yet these indians hold sacred the marriage rite, & nothing is more rare among them than an unchaste woman—No impurity or immorality is tolerated or has ever been—Their sacred fire has always been kept burning—This fire is in a cell under ground, & a certain number of Boys are selected at an early age & promoted to the honorable distinction of feeding this fire—These youths remain at their post day & night until they reach a certain age when they are brought out to light & carried to the top of the loftiest mountain to remain there during a fixed series of years, & others take their place at the fire—Their females are exceedingly beautiful—The men are brave and warlike—Once every year they go on a general hunt for Buffalo meat in the North & at other seasons they are often employed by the Spaniards to guard them in their hunting & trapping excursions—They have a tradition that all that part of the Globe about where they dwell was antiently devastated, how & by what means they cannot tell; & that when their people came nine white men held the country—four of which were slain, & five fled, & wandered off towards the north—& that their own people came from the setting sun—Underground, far beneath the surface are extensive excavations & the ruins of antient palaces; in one of which is the cell in which is the Holy Fire

above described—The above named Chief John God, during his intimacy, informed Y[oun]t that when the Spaniards overran the country all the Gold & Silver in the nation was thrown into a large Lake which lies near the centre of their territory, lest it might excite their cupidity & lead them to search more dilligently for the mines of precious metals, which are very rich & abundant & are kept secreted to this day—So cautious are they from generation to generation that where the silver appears above ground, they visit it, after every rain, to cover it, in case the water have washed off the surface-earth—This chief (John God) during their intimacy, had arranged to conduct Yount to these mines but the intimacy had excited the jealousy of the Council of Chiefs & they took him into the Council room & informed him of their suspicions & assured him, that, if he should betray the secret, they would take the life of both him & Y[oun]t The Chief did not venture therefore to do more than point in the direction & describe the spot & Y[oun]t has never ventured to explore or prospect for the mines—

[THE PICURIS<sup>1</sup>]

There is another nation living in the immediate neighborhood of the Toas indians, in many respects resembling them—In almost every important characteristic they are similar—These have also sustained the sacred fire—They have a tradition that, Montezuma, when his fortunes became desperate, told them to remove north & establish themselves in the Gold & Silver regions of the north—These are called the Pickarees,—This distinguished Sovereign & Prophet adjured them not only to sustain the sacred fire but, always when they should arise in the morning, to worship towards the east, & they might look for him to come from the east, & upon his advent he would free them & all his people from the domination of the Spaniards—At one period a pestilence nearly depopulated their nation, & fearing utter extinction, twelve of their people were deputed to carry the fire over to the (nation of the Yumas) place called Hamas<sup>2</sup> [Jemez] where it still burns—& an order of old and venerable priests or Levites are there ordained to watch & feed the fire—It is the policy of the Spaniards to foster among these tribes the most inveterate hatred to (to) the Americans—They teach them that the Americans are the worst people on the Globe—& although the Spaniards are (& are) known to be licentious in the worst degree, yet there is ever among them a hord of American & French trappers & adventurers—who follow rioting in the daytime & ludeness in the night season—Fandangos are the order of the day & they seduce & carry away the Spanish females—bestowing on them the avails of their trapping expeditions for dress & ornaments of Jewelry—Hence arise jealousies & hearthburnings, strifes & bloody quarrels—While Yount was there residing among the Toas, a dreadful

<sup>1</sup>—Picuris—A pueblo of the Tigua Indians about 40 miles north of Santa Fé (Hodge, *Handbook of N. A. Indians*).

<sup>2</sup>—"Place called Hamas." This is a correction written in, in pencil, to replace "nation of the Yumas."



quarrel arose between the Spaniards & Americans mingled with French trappers—The Spaniards in their extremity appealed to the Toas people for aid—After a general council the reply was as follows—“No—you have reed these people among you & have cherished them—Your bad women have got their money and their jewels—& now you must take care of yourselves—We will have nothing to do with your quarrels—We are happy & want no aid from you or from any quarter—We have Americans among us & they treat us well—We love them Great John God loves his American friends—He eats at their table & sleeps in their bed unharmed—Fight your own battles—We believe you make them bad—but we are good & we make our Americans good & kind & honest We have no need to fight them & we will not fight with your Americans—But in the late war with Mexico these same Taus Indians were beguiled to espouse the cause of the Mexicans and make common interest—This alliance proved awfully detrimental to them—They were sadly cut to pieces & almost lost their national existence—They will never fight the Americans again—They now hold the American people in great veneration . . .”

We continue from Clark (MS b, pp. 22, 41-42):

#### THE SUNIES [ZUNIS]

On the outermost borders of New Mexico, at the North West, dwell the Sunies—a very kind & humane nation of savages—

These were very good people until corrupted by the Spaniards long since settled around them—Many very excellent traits of their character still remain—& it a sad & mournful reflection that’ a christian people should taint & corrupt the purity, which, but for them, had retained New Mexico a happy land of plenty & virtue—Kindred to the Mocos [Hopi], the Sunies have become the degenerate branch of a noble vine,—Among them are many of sandy complexion [albinos]—They too retain their veneration for Montezuma, & maintain the sacred fire—They also profess to be waiting the return of Montezuma as their great deliverer—But the vices of drunkenness & licentiousness, contracted from the Spaniards, are wasting them away—And the diseases consequent on their promiscuous intercourse with the Spanish, French & American adventurers are transmitted from generation to generation, until all ages & sexes droop about in extreme misery, & find relief only from an early & premature grave—Utter annihilation doubtless awaits them, in common with all the tribes among whom unprincipled whitemen have commingled—It requires no gift of prophesy to foretell the sad & melancholy end of the untold millions of aboriginees on this mighty continent—Like the dew before a midday sun—“Like snowflakes on a river, one moment seen then gone forever” thus they live & multiply, & when we fasten our eyes on them, they perish—The current of time, a rapid, but silent, though irresistible current, is fast sweeping them before it, into the great Maelstrom of Eternity—Their fate inexorable, their doom is sealed—

THE SINAGUS<sup>1</sup>

Their towns are in the midst of a luxurient growth of Pitch pine timber of many miles in extent—an immense extent of level & champagne country affording an admirable pass for the great Pacific Rail-Road thro the mountains of New Mexico—The timber abundant, & of every desirable variety—Grass abounds nearly round the year—One disinterested would not hesitate for a moment in deciding on this route—There is no other pass which bears any comparison to it, or which deserves competition with it—Amidst conflicting interests however some other pass will probably be preferred involving a loss of millions of dollars—On the left of this pass, between the Sinagus & the Laguna are the three lofty rocks called the Candlesticks—Pilot Peake is also in full view of the traveller at a distance of One hundred miles—There is something very remarkable in the transparency of the atmosphere in the northern part of New Mexico, & in many other portions of the Territory east of the Siera Nevada & also about the Humboldt—The human vision is often able to reach objects at a distance of several hundred miles—The Jesuites had a mission at the Laguna, of very antient date, under the rule of a very aged Priest who has spent his life there—He is remarkable for his wisdom, gravity, Piety & benevolence—He has always governed with patriarchal sway, & rendered his subjects happy—But the good man is in his dotage if living, & the establishment gone into decay—But its influence on the neighboring tribes is very visible—although the tide of licentiousness & sin is fast obliterating all traces of that influence & deluging the land—and the poor natives are being carried headlong to ruin—The relics of what once existed now serve little more than a monument of what once was—Near this dilapidated Mission is the river Hamas [Jemez]—Near by this river are the famous Bitter Springs—the principal one of these is a round basin where the bitter waters gurgle up continually, & sofar as has yet been sounded it is bottomless—All theories hitherto have been quite unsatisfactory—No animal will drink of the water—and it is doubtless highly medicinal, but science has not yet penetrated there— . . .

Yount's next long trip appears to have been another trapping venture in 1827-28 on the Gila and Colorado. He seems to have organized and commanded the party and there is every certainty that the two famous Patties, father and son, accompanied him as far as the bend of the Gila. Clark (MS a, small sheets, pp. 51-56) has left a record of some incidents of the trip:

In the Autumn of 1827 the Subject of our narative, having carefully saved his earnings, found himself in possession of funds sufficient, with the aid of some credit, to procure another outfit for a trapping

<sup>1</sup>—Senecu was a pueblo of the Piro below Socorro, New Mexico. It was destroyed by the Apaches and deserted in 1675. The Indians referred to here are doubtless the Laguna, a Keresan pueblo tribe who live about 45 miles west of Albuquerque (Hodge, *Handbook of N. A. Indians*).

expedition— . . . He had divided his earnings & sent to his wife & little ones a large share—But the long hoped for consolation of visiting those he so dearly loved was denied him; for he must not lose the season for trapping when the furs are valuable— . . . Careful in the selection of comrades & servants he endeavored to take with him only men in whom he could well confide—The sufferings of the past admonished him to lay in store on the first stages of the journey deposits, or Caches as the Spanish hunters & traders call them so that on his return he might have magazines to draw from, when both man & beast should be worn down with exposure & fatigue—The method adopted for caching is curious & worthy of note—The trappers would select a place in the neighborhood of some river & little likely to be frequented—& mark it by spotting trees, in several directions, at certain measured distances of which they kept a record—At this spot they dug deep in the earth, enlarging as they descended, having previously spread blankets on which to lay the sods of turf, & also the superfluous earth which they emptied in the river—At the bottom of this deep shaft they made their deposit of provisions, or Beverskins, or both as the case might be—& covered it carefully over, filled up the shaft & laid carefully down the surface, as it was before disturbed, so that no man nor animal would suspect or discover that the earth had been disturbed at all By this method on their return months after, they could repossess themselves of their property their food or treasure at their pleasure or in time of need—These caches our trappers made at intervals & by this means lightened the burden of themselves & animals as became necessary to pack their Beverskins—Younts personal equipment, beside provisions, consisted of Four Mules, six traps, a Rifle, Shotgun & Pistols & his party of Twenty-four men including Servants & Campkeepers—He shaped his course, as on the former expedition, to the Copper-mines, & thence to the River Gila—& trapped down this River directly to the territories of the Pemos & Maricopas those people with whom the previous year he had waged successfully a sanguinary war—They remembered well their old enemies but maintained a respectful demeanor, tendered the pipe of peace & a cordial hospitality; & permission unsolicited to trap ad libitum all the rivers within their jurisdiction—They avowed their determination never more to molest their “pale brothers & their belief in the justice & integrity of the mighty people who live in the rising sun—It was matter of astonishment to Yount & his party that these people should cherish no spirit of revenge—& during all their sojourn among & in the neighborhood of these singular people they felt constrained to be ever prepared for treachery, and sudden attack—All was peaceful however—& no whiteman has ever to this day been able to accuse them of outrage or molestation<sup>1</sup>—They impart freely of food & every comfort at their command & ask only a fair remuneration—While among these peaceful tribes & enjoying their hospitality, one would surely conclude that intelligent Americans might keep peace amongthemselves; but unfortunately such was not the case—Eight of Yount's party became insubordinate & parted from the main

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<sup>1</sup>—Cardinell, a lone, penniless traveler, was roughly handled by some of the Pimas, but the statement is mainly true.



body above the mouth of the Gila,<sup>1</sup> built canoes [dugouts] & descended [to] the Colorado, to try their fortune alone—thus reducing his force to 16 men, who wended their devious way on the shores of that mighty River—quite down to tide water—From the junction of the Gila & Colorado throughout the whole meandering course of that river is one entire bed of quicksand—Very numerous sloughs line the shores on both sides & the whole region round about is desolate & dreary, a home for reptiles, serpents & Sonora Lepards (Alligators<sup>2</sup>)—The traveller there encounters a running vine much resembling a Beanvine through which it is almost impossible to penetrate, & domestic animals are liable to be entangled in them & perish—After descending to a point where the tide rises three feet our party retraced their steps & trapped up again to the junction of the two rivers above named—At this junction it was interesting to observe the lofty natural fortifications—It is a very important point—Doubtless the day may come when here shall be another Gibraltar or Quebec—There is not a more important & valuable region on the Western Continent—Virgin Copper is greatly abundant—An immense slab of it rests upon the bed of a revere<sup>3</sup> (of the Colorado) & stands as if leaning against its eastern bank, & lifts its head on high—Where washed by the stream it is smoothed bright as polished steel, & as we have before related, there appear to be no limits to the deposits of Gold & silver When these mines shall be opened & the savages dispersed California, so far as gold is concerned, will sink into very insignificance, & crowds will swarm the Colorado, beyond what the Sacramento has ever known At, or near the mouth of the Gila a spectacle was presented painful & distressing beyond what humanity is often called to witness—

<sup>1</sup>—This was the fatal split recorded by Pattie. After much privation the smaller party crossed the peninsula of Lower California and reached San Diego. Here they were imprisoned and the elder Pattie died. One of the members of the Pattie subdivision was Nathaniel M. Pryor who died in Los Angeles, May, 1850. Judge Stephen C. Foster was intimately acquainted with Pryor and wrote out recollections of his conversations with the old Kentuckian (*Hist. Soc. Southern Calif.*, 1887, pp. 30-35). Foster says:

"Capt. Youtz's party were very successful, and on the Gila, the two Patys, N. M. Pryor, Richard Laughlin and Jesse Ferguson concluded to leave Youtz, who returned to Santa Fe, and came to California with their beaver. They had heard that there were American vessels trading on the coast, and they reasoned that if their beaver could bear a land carriage to the Atlantic coast for a market, they could realize more by selling to American traders in California than they could by selling in Santa Fe. So they made an amicable division of their traps and peltries, traded off their horses to Youtz, and soon made two canoes out of the largest cottonwoods they could find, and embarked, determined to follow the river as far as they could, . . .

"Capt. Paty had a copy of Capt. Youtz's permit from the New Mexican Authorities to trap on the Gila River."

<sup>2</sup>—So far as known there have never been alligators or crocodiles along the Colorado River. "Sonora Lepards," perhaps meaning ocelots, has been written in, in pencil, to replace "Alligators."

<sup>3</sup>—"of a revere" has been written in, in pencil, to replace the matter in parentheses. These pencil corrections on the small sheets of MS a may be corrections made by Yount himself.

Somewhere in that dreary region resides a tribe of savages more barbarous than almost any other—They have a method of disposing of the old & decrepid of their tribe revolting to the heart of man—Here were found seven very old people, four men & three women brot by their children & left to starve to death—They had neither food nor apparel but were lying upon the bare ground waiting for death to end their sufferings—Emaciated to the last degree, moaning & weeping these aged fathers & mothers begged of the trappers some relief—They were fed & comforted, but it was only to prolong their misery—They could not carry them away—neither could they remain to comfort them but they must leave them wailing in utter despair—As they turned away noone had a heart hard enough to look back—but they stopped their ears & ran till out of hearing—The poor wretches laid dow together & were seen no more—It was their own natural offspring who had thus doomed them & nothing but early death can save these monsters of humanity from the same wretched end—

Clark's account continues (MS b, pp. 34-41):

From the mouth of the Gila seventy miles up the Colorado, until you reach the Mahauvies, the Indians are harmless & sparce—

#### THE MOCOS [HOPI]

We have described the Taos, Pickarees, the Sunies Pimos & Maricopas, the Yumas & the Mahauvies in part—We will now glance at the Mocos—They live on the borders of New Mexico & in describing them we quote in detail the verbal story of an old trapper [perhaps Yount], whose description well agrees with that of others who have since visited them—"Our horses," saith he, "almost famished for water, on approaching their towns, long before we apprehended an approach to water, to our astonishment started upon a run—& could with difficulty be held in check—In despite of our efforts, they ran till they reached the town—The people came out & flocked around us, unpacked our animals & gave them water with great prudence & precaution lest they might drink to excess, then gave them food, & invited us into their dwellings & spread a sumptuous feast before us—Then was allotted to us a fine, spacious room with mats spread for us—Our animals were next led off to pasture & the families vied with each other in bringing into our apartment food & luxuries—We were feasted daily—We found the people sober, civil, chaste & conscientious—During all our sojourn there we heard not one harsh or unkind or hasty word, even among children—Their [food] consists of meat well cooked bread of parched corn, honey & dried fruits—Their houses are built of stone, a beautiful sandstone, which abounds there & is easily quarried—Like the Taos, they enter on the roof, when occasion may require but they have doors also below, for use in seasons of peace & safety—Their buildings are not so high as those of the Taos, not generally more than two stories high—They live on a lofty table mountain, with no more than one passage, by which to ascend to their towns, & this not wide enough to admit one person or animal to ascend abreast—Hence they are strongly fortified by nature—They

are not rich, neither is their land very productive—They have no means of irrigating their lands, but must depend chiefly on the rains from heaven—Rain however is frequent there, except in occasional seasons of drought—Both sexes labor with great industry—They have large workhouses underground in one of which are found only men, & in another only women, save one old greyheaded, venerable patriarch who directs the work & acts as overseer—They spin, weave, make blankets & garments—One large, subterranean hall resembles, in all respects, a Masonic hall—The furniture was all there, & in addition a massive altar carved from stone—They are masons & familiar with the work—Their graineries & storehouses are immense & filled to overflowing—In every granery is a male & female image of stone—Near the female image is an axe carved from stone, with carved vine as if wound around the handle—They are free to communicate with strangers in all their traditions, laws & customs—Their laws are good & wholesome, founded on principles of common sense—& they evince great simplicity—They never raise nor use horses—Other bad people, they say would steal them—Their laws relating to marriage are rigid & rigidly enforced—A person of either sex detected in unchaste conduct, is forthwith banished & forever after regarded as an outcast—Many among them have sandy complexion & blue eyes—So strictly honest are they that if one find an article which may have been lost he will search many days to find the owner—Their elections for rulers are annual They bury their dead much as christians do—They dance very gracefully to music—Dancing makes a part of their religious worship—They keep time perfectly to music in both marching & dancing—They dance for rain in time of drought—& beg the prayers of all strangers who visit them—In 1827 one Williams,<sup>1</sup> an American

<sup>1</sup>—Williams—Perhaps this was the famous old trapper, "Bill" Williams, who was said to have been a minister, although his later career would scarcely have indicated it. He was one of the most curious characters known in the mountains. Just after Frémont's disastrous expedition of 1848 in the San Juan district of Colorado, Williams, the guide, went back in search of property lost in the snow and met his death at the hands of the Ute Indians.

August 29, 1826, a passport was issued by Antonio Norbona, governor of New Mexico, granting permission to "S. W. Williams and Seran Sambrano [Ceran St. Vrain]" to engage in "private trade," in Sonora (quoted from T. M. Marshall, *Southwest. Hist. Quarterly*, vol. 19, Jan. 1916, p. 254). Since "Bill" Williams' name, as I am informed by the Hon. Boutwell Dunlap, was probably William Shirley Williams, he may have been the man mentioned by Norbona and spoken of in his letter written after the issuance of the passport. In Narbona's letter many of the names are wrongly spelled.

Hon. Boutwell Dunlap, after examination of his trans-Alleghany and western MS collections, writes from them the following valuable data identifying "Old Bill" Williams:

"'Old Bill' Williams' name was William Sherley Williams. His relative, who gave this information, may have meant "Sherley" for "Shirley," and could easily have transposed the name from Shirley William Williams to William Sherley Williams. 'Old Bill' was a brother, among others, of the Reverend Lewis Williams, a Baptist minister, of Franklin County, Missouri, and the Reverend Alvin

(Continued on Opposite Page)



visited them & spent much time there—Other Americans visited them the year following—This Williams mingled with them in their social customs & religious rights, & became familiar with their rules & usages—He prayed with & for them in public & in private—On his departure, they begged a continuance of his prayers in their behalf—He had told them of Jesus Christ & of his teachings in reference to the efficacy of continued & importunate prayer—& that himself was a disciple of this Great Saviour & Teacher—& that He was allied to the Great Spirit They revered him greatly—The year following was distinguished for remarkably prolific crops of grain among the Macos—which they attributed to the efficacy of his prayers—This fact had given him such influence among them, that, had he returned there, it would have been in his power to convert them all to Christianity—& to gain an almost superhuman power over the nation—They never wage war—Everything sanguinary is uncongenial—At one time an individual of the Navahos, who live Northeast & contiguous, had murdered a highly respectable Moco, in a manner quite unprovoked & under aggravating circumstances, & some very bad people of the Navahos came into the town—But they were not molested, save that an urgent request was issued from the ruling council to these bad men to leave the town soon as convenient—No spirit of revenge or retaliation was entertained—They only expressed an apprehension that the relatives of the deceased might be tempted to avenge a brothers blood—They say God may kill men because he can make men live, but man must not kill because he cannot make alive—They appear to act on principles of calm reason & mercy is their darling virtue—To bestow benefits too is to them a virtue & a privilege of inestimable value—They grudge nothing whereby anothers happiness or convenience can be promoted—They have learnt by experience, even without any divine teaching, by revelation, “that it is more blessed to give than

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Peter Williams, D. D., a Baptist minister of Kentucky and Missouri, and James Williams, said to have been a frontier lieutenant in the war of 1812 under his uncle, Colonel David Musick, of St. Louis County, Missouri. They were sons of Joseph Williams and Sarah Musick born about the middle of the 18th century. Sarah Musick was a daughter of Abraham Musick and Sarah Lewis, of the same family as Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Colonel David Musick is said to have fought the Cherokee Indians in 1777; was a pioneer of Illinois in 1794; captain of a company of Missouri frontier rangers; and one of the earliest members of the Missouri general assembly. His son, Major James Chiles Musick, married Phoebe Jameson. Her brother, John McKnight Jameson, settled and gave in the early '50s the name, after his place of birth, to Shenandoah Valley, Amador County, California. The latter's daughter, Rachel McCreary McKnight, married T. T. Wright, of Knight's Landing, California, who came to California with Frémont. He was of the wealthy Wright family of St. Louis, one of his sisters marrying Colonel John Knapp, one of the owners of the St. Louis 'Republican,' oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi."

We know that Ezekiel Williams was in Missouri during the spring, at least, of 1827, and there is no mention of his ever having been a minister. This makes his connection with the present account seem unlikely.

to receive"—They call the sun God's smiling face & from the benign influence of its smiles, they have been taught to lighten the heart burdened with sorrow & want—& to illumine the countenance darkened with sadness, by manifestations of smiling love & tenderness—In one spacious room was no furniture, save one massive Stone Altar—& the floor, for a considerable space around it was sprinkled with a substance much resembling the finest flour of wheat—Of what this was emblematic & for what special purpose this was done the visitors did not learn—Altars were numerous—On the borders of the towns, in every direction were large Stone Altars in the open air, on which were sacrificed, at intervals, sheep, goats & other domestic animals, together with every variety of their manufactures, & mechanical productions, the remains of which, after sacrifice, are thrown high as possible into the air from the top of a precipice so that they may fall upon the plain below their towns, & on the uncultivated wastes, with which the towns are surrounded—These remnants are gathered up by outcasts, or beasts & birds, or they may decay there—They are never to be brought back into the town—Some of their words have a striking resemblance to the French tongue—No history at all exists of their nation, or of its origin, save a vague tradition that their forefathers came from the Big Canon of the Red River—Their musical instruments are very rude, The gourd, & a string of goats claws bound about the leg &c—but it is surprising that, from instruments so rude they should gain so much harmony—and agreeable sounds—Their young females, before marriage, dress their hair on each side of the head, in the shape of a half-moon; while the married women wear it combed neatly & loosely down over the shoulders In all their dress, there is an air of remarkable neatness & finish—No tawdry ornaments are worn about the person of male or female—They are remarkable for cleanliness, & allow the person to wear the form which nature gave—Paint upon the human body is not tolerated in either sex & they wear no jewels nor beads—Among them are some of the most splendid specimens of humanity, symmetrical in form, large & powerful, there are perhaps few handsomer men & women in any nation—They maintain from generation to generation, a total abstinence from everything in the least degree hurtful in food or drink—Pure milk & limpid water from the mountain-spring suffice to allay their thirst, & the plainest, wholesome food adorn their table—All their athletic exercises are salutary to health & longevity, & both sexes are well, but not excessively accustomed to the open air—Quietude & calm serenity mark the deportment of all ages classes & both sexes—The angry passions are rarely brought into exercise—All the inroads of passion on the physical & moral man are carefully guarded against, or avoided—Their games & holiday sports & athletic exercises are interesting—Their prizes are simple & if strangers be among them, they are invited to take part & when the Indians win, as they usually do, the prizes are given to their guests—Thus they manifest the utmost respect for their guests—They use no fire arms & entertain no admiration of skill in the use of them—They hunt Rabbits with a sort of Shepherd's crook, which they wield or hurl with great dexterity—Their holidays end with universal harmony & good will, no gusts of angry passions among them—They

throw wide open all their store houses to the inspection of whitemen—The stranger may go where he please & remain without restriction, & always receive a civil reply to his inquiries—The traveller's sojourn among them is like an oasis in the desert & he always leaves them with reluctance—When the stranger leaves the[y] always bestow upon him every expression of good will & load him with food & provisions for his journey, for which they refuse all compensation—In their simple piety they bring their little ones to the stranger for his parting blessing—& by their unaffected piety they often melt the thoughtless young man into seriousness & manly tears as they kneel before him & offer presents, the best they have—None who have ever visited them can forget them—Nothing could be more worthy & interesting to the philanthopist than to study & learn the history & origin of this interesting & obscure people—Are they a remnant of the lost tribes of the house of Israel?—But how came they there?—By what unknown & mysterious means have they been kept so pure, so good, so simple, situated as they have been, during untold generations, in the midst of tribes so vile, so barbarous, so lost to all the better feelings of man's degenerate race?—Every thing possible has conspired to render them anything but what they are—Why have they not been overrun by the hords of canibals around them & long since annihilated?—There has been no lack of temptation—Their vast magazines of food & clothing have remained now during centuries, an alluring bane to the cupidity of thousands destitute of every sense of right or property, & who know no law but that "might constitute right"—of thousands who certainly have had the power, & why not the inclination to exterminate the Moccos from the face of the earth—They have always been a distinct people—peculiar, unprovided with any adequate means of resisting aggression—& yet they have remained there, while thousands, whose hand is against every man, have been passing and repassing them continually—Let such as are able unravel the mystery—But we have another, & alas, a mournful page of the history—We have been detailing the past—what the Moccos were a quarter of a century ago—what they were until 1853—Since that time a traveller has visited that interesting nation, & we have from his own mouth the condition in which he found them in the month of June 1854—The small Pox, that awful scourge of the American Redman, has visited the Moccos—Their happy home is now a desolation—Whole towns & villages are now without an inhabitant—Those immense magazines of food and clothing lie rotting in silent neglect—No human being now walks those once populous & crowded halls—When Trippe, our informant was there, it was still as death—The bodies of the dead had decayed where they, in crowds, had died, but the whitened bones lay thickly strewn around—The scattered few, who had survived, appeared like disconsolate mourners—or rather like the wandering ghosts of the departed visiting the spot where they once had lived—. . . they had a population of many thousands—At present there are probably not left more than two or three hundreds in all their towns; & these heartbroken and disconsolate—They sit in sullen silence, hardly noticing the stranger, as he passes; or they mope from house to house, & appear as if communing only with their own broken hearts—



## IN THE ROCKIES

Just when Yount returned from this journey cannot be discovered, but it probably was sometime in the year 1828. It seems evident that he visited the Mohaves and Hopis then. Mrs. Watson, p. [7], says that he had five hundred dollars in money and "several thousand worth of furs, which he cached near Bitter Creek." But whether she refers to this or the previous expedition is uncertain. She continues:

George Yount had to postpone returning to his family for another year. He entered into a partnership and took charge of another trapping expedition and his partner managed the business in New Mexico. He went to Del Port [Rio del Norte], at the big bend called Horse-shoe, then up a small stream, the Campayuta [Cochetooa?]. They struck the Blue [Grand] River, then White River, which discharges its waters into Green River. Elk were very abundant here, also bear. They continued on from five to ten miles a day; winter came on [1828-29] and after many days of hard travel they reached the spot where the city of Salt Lake is now located. The snow was often two feet deep and after letting their animals rest they retraced their steps to Bear River Valley, settling at Sweet Lake,<sup>1</sup> where they remained until the middle of March. Here they met the red men peculiar to California, called "Digger Indians," from their mode of living on roots and reptiles.

Here also they met other trappers, among them the celebrated Hugh Glass,<sup>2</sup> of whose frightful experiences Yount gave Clark a long account (MS a, pp. 129-143):

## [THE ADVENTURES OF HUGH GLASS]

Among the numerous veteran Trappers, with whom Yount became acquainted, & was from time to time associated, was one by the name of Glass—In point of adventures dangers & narrow escapes & capacity for endurance, & the sufferings which befel him, this man was preeminent—He was bold, daring, reckless & excentric to a high degree; but was nevertheless a man of great talents & intellectual as

<sup>1</sup>—Sweet Lake seems to have been a trappers' name for Bear Lake, on the headwaters of Bear River, just northeast of Great Salt Lake, and where the summer rendezvous was held in 1827 (cf. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 1918, pp. 278-279).

<sup>2</sup>—Glass' adventures have been reviewed by Chittenden, *History of the American Fur Trade*, 1902, vol. 2, pp. 698-706. The present account agrees well with that printed in the *Missouri Intelligencer*, June 18, 1825, and adds many circumstances hitherto unknown. An account given by Pattie appears to refer to Glass. Pattie mentions having shot a bear which attacked one of his party, who may have been Glass (Arkansas River, 1824) but the date, place and circumstances do not agree with other sources (cf. also Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations*, 1918, pp. 86-87, footnote).

well as bodily power—But his bravery was conspicuous beyond all his other qualities for the perilous life he led—

Glass first commenced life in the capacity of a sailor; & after having followed the seas during several years, was captured by the desperate band of Pirates under the notorious Lafitte—The policy of this piratical champion was to allow all his captives to chose for themselves either to join & share his fortunes, & follow his lead, or submit to immediate death—Little time was allowed them to deliberate—

When the crew, of which Glass made a part learnt their conquerer's terms, he & one other instantly decided to become Pirates; & were hailed as good fellows, when they had taken the oath of allegiance, which was an awful one, & too horrid to be written here—All went on well for a season, but the cruel murders to be perpetrated daily,—As they shuddered from their inmost souls & shrunk from those deeds of blood, it was impossible for them to conceal from their despotic lord the emotions of their hearts—

At length, as the piratical craft was lying secreted in one of the secluded friths of Texas, then a territory of Mexico, these two, Glass & his comrade were given to understand that they had been deemed unfit for the work of pirates & would, on the following day, be doomed to death—They therefore concluded to consult their own safety; & in the darkness of night, swam from the ship to the land & fled for life—This event proved the epoch of Glass's life; & from his own lips, Yount received the following history of his career, up to the time of his embarking for the upper waters of the Yellow Stone, on his last expedition, that in which terminated his eventful life—We shall afford the reader a hasty outline, which will make an episode of a few pages—

After leaving the piratical vessel, they wandered far back into the trackless wilderness, they knew not whither nor wherefore,—until they fell in among the people of the Pawnee nation, & were made their prisoners—After having travelled with the savages a few days, & the party having joined a more numerous band of their people, they came to a halt, & the preliminaries of the feat of burning them to the stake began—Tied to a tree they witnessed the whole scene—

One was to suffer at a time—Glass was reserved to suffer last, & therefore was compelled to stand by & witness the tortures of his comrade—An awful scene it surely was—His whole body, from head to foot having been stuck thick with splinters of pitchpine, the faggots were lighted, & in the darkness of midnight, his spirit ascended in flames to Him who had given it being—

Now came his own final hour—And as two approached him to strip him of his apparel, the ruling Chief stood by to pierce his skin with the first splinter, which was deemed the royal privilege—Glass thrust his hand into his own bosom & drew from thence a large package of vermilion; an article which the savages value above all price—He gave the packet to the proud & haughty Brave, with an air of respect & affection & bowed his final farewell—The Chief opened & examined it, & then majestically stepped up to him, & cut the thongs

with which he was bound, & taking him by the hand, with paternal regard & smiling delight, led him to his own wigwam. Then with soothing tenderness he lighted his pipe, & having smoked a few moments, in the presence of his numerous braves, he passed it to Glass, who also smoked a few whiffs & restored it to his liege lord—From that time he shared nothing but paternal & tender treatment—

With these Pawnees Glass roamed the wilderness in security many months, until they visited St. Louis; where he found means to escape from the Indians—Having resided in the City some eight or ten months, until Ashley sought him out & employed him to join a band of Thirty Trappers, which he had furnished & equipped to trap upon the Yellow Stone River under Maj. Henry—

Glass with this party of Trappers, ascended the Missouri, till they reached the territory of the Pickarees [Aricarees]—These Indians had become troublesome, & a detachment of troops from Council Bluffs was [sent] out against them—Other friendly Indians had joined the whites & the Pickarees had been routed, & scattered far & near in the wilderness;—rendering it dangerous in the extreme, for the Trappers to thread their way towards their place of destination, to trap for furs—

As Maj. Henry pressed onwards towards the Yellow Stone, constrained to use great caution, he had struck a tributary of the Missouri & was following its channel, where the Buffalo & the Buffalo-berries were found abundant & proved convenient for food—But the band must keep together, as they were liable, at any moment, to be assailed, by the Pickarees in ambush—He accordingly selected two distinguished hunters, one of which was Allen, of Mohave notoriety, & a bosom friend of Yount's, to precede the party, from a half a mile to a mile, in order to kill meat for food—

Glass, as was usual, could not be kept, in obedience to orders, with the band, but persevered to thread his way alone through the bushes and chapparel—As the two hunters were wending their way, up the River, Allen discovered Glass dodging along in the forest alone; & said to his companion, "there look at that fellow, Glass; see him foolishly exposing his life—I wish some Grizzly Bear would pounce upon him & teach him a lesson of obedience to orders, & to keep in his place—He is ever off, scouting in the bushes & exposing his life & himself to dangers"—

Glass disappeared in the chapperel, & within half an hour his screams were heard—The two hunters hastened to his relief & discovered a huge Grizy Bear, with two Cubs—The monster had seized him, torn the flesh from the lower part of the body, & from the lower limbs—He also had his neck shockingly torn, even to the degree that an aperture appeared to have been made into the windpipe, & his breath to exude at the side of his neck—It is not probable however that any aperture was made into the windpipe—Blood flowed freely, but fortunately no bone was broken—& his hands & arms were not disabled—

The whole party were soon there, the monster & her cubs were



slain, & the victim cared for in the best degree possible, under existing circumstances—A convenient hand litter was prepared & the sufferer carried by his humane fellow-trappers from day to day—He retained all his faculties but those of speech & locomotion—Too feeble to walk, or help himself at all, his comrades every moment waited his death—Day by day they ministered to his wants, & no one counted it any hardship—

Among those rude & rough trappers of the wilderness, fellow feeling & devotion to each others wants is a remarkable & universal feature or characteristic—It is admirable & worthy the imitation of even the highest grade of civilized men—We have remarked it at every step in the investigation, which, in preparing this work, has devolved on us—

After having thus carried Glass six<sup>1</sup> (several) days, it became necessary for the party to crowd their journey, as the season for trapping was fast transpiring—Maj. Henry therefore offered four hundred Dolls to any two of his men, who would volunteer to remain until he should die, decently bury him & then press on their way to overtake the main body—One man & a boy volunteered to remain—They did so, & the party urged forward towards the Yellow Stone—

The two waited several days, & he still lived—No change was apparent,—They dressed his wounds daily & fed & nourished him with water from the spring & such light food as he could swallow—Still he was speechless but could use his hands—Both his lower limbs were quite disabled—As he lay by the spring, Buffalo berries hung in clusters & in great profusion over him & around his bed, which was made soft with dry leaves & two blankets—

Quite discouraged & impatient for his death, as there remained no hope of his recovery, the two resolved to leave him there to die alone in the wilderness—They took from him his knife, camp kettle & Rifle, laid him smoothly on his blankets, & left him thus to die a lingering death, or be torn in pieces by the ferocious wild beasts & to be seen no more till they should meet him at the dread tribunal of eternal judgment—

He could hear their every word, but could not speak nor move his body—His arms he could use—& he stretched them out imploringly, but in vain—They departed & silence reigned around him—Oppressed with grief & his hard fate, he soon became delirious—Visions of benevolent beings appeared, Around him were numerous friendly faces, smiling encouragement & exhorting him not to despond, & assuring him that all would be well at last—He declared to Yount that he was never alone, by day or by night—

He could reach the water & take it to his mouth in the hollow of his hand, & could pluck the berries from the bushes, to eat as he might need—One morning, after several weeks, he found by his side a huge Rattlesnake—With a small stone he slew the reptile, jambed

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1—"Six" has been written in, in the manuscript, above the word "several."

off its head & cast it from him—Having laid the dead serpent by his side he jambed off small parts from time to time, & bruised it thoroughly & moistened it with water from the spring & made of it a grateful food on which he fed from day to day—

At length the wolves came & took from under him his Blankets, & having dragged them some distance, tore them in pieces—Thus he was left solely on his bed of leaves—In this condition he must have lain many<sup>1</sup> (several) weeks how many he could never tell—Meantime the two, the man & boy, false to their trust, came up with Maj. Henry & the party, & reported that Glass had died & they had decently buried his remains, & brot his effects with them, his gun, knife & Camp kettle, & received the promised reward for their fidelity, Four Hundred Dollars—

After a long period, his strength began to revive, & he crawled a few rods, & laid himself down again during several days—Then again he resumed his journey, every day increasing his distance some rods—after many long & tedious days, & even weeks—he found himself upon his feet & began to walk—Soon he could travel nearly a mile in a day This distance he even increased daily more & more—Thus covered with wounds, which would frequently bleed, & require much attention, he urged his journey, through a howling wilderness, a distance of more than Two Hundred miles, to the nearest trading post—

Often by the way he would find the decaying carcasses of Buffalos, which, wounded by the hunter, or some more powerful animal, had died—From these he gained nourishing food, by pounding out the marrow from the bones, & eating it seasoned with Buffalo-berries & moistened with limped water from the brooks & springs—With sharp stones he would dig from the earth nourishing roots, which he had learned to discriminate while sojourning with the Paunees—

At this trading post he passed the winter, as Autumn had worn away, & the cold season had overtaken him there—During the bracing season of winter, his strength was rapidly restored—As the following spring opened, he found himself again a well man, able to resume his journey to rejoin Maj Henry & his band of trappers—Fortunately as he was about to depart, an express party arrived, on its way to carry orders to Maj. Henry, at his post on the Yellow Stone, & Glass joined this party to accompany them to Henry's Fort—

This journey was to Glass no more than a season of pastime & pleasure—Days, weeks & even months of journying were as nothing, after the scenes of the previous Summer & Autumn—He knew no fatigue but after a day's travel, could leap and frolic, like the young fawn—On reaching Maj Henry's encampment, the reader can better imagine than the writer describe the scene as he rode up to his old party of fellow trappers—One without, on seeing Glass ride up ran in to report to Maj H. & the rest that Glass had arrived—

Impossible! Glass had been dead and buried more than a year & one of those who buried his remains was present—But Glass entered,

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<sup>1</sup>—"Many" is interpolated in the manuscript above the word "several."

told his story & recapitulated his wrongs & sufferings & asked for his Camp kettle & his Rifle—The Major replied by bringing the recreant boy before him—His Camp kettle was there, but the false & dastardly man had gone with Glass's Rifle to Council Bluffs—To the boy Glass addressed himself after the following manner—"Go, my boy—I leave you to the punishment of your own conscience & your God—If they forgive you, then be happy—I have nothing to say to you—but, don't forget hereafter that truth & fidelity are too valuable to be trifled with"—

He had still to mourn the loss of his Rifle, which he valued above all price—During this year Glass remained to trap with the party with which he had left St Louis under Maj H.—At the opening of the following Spring, he accompanied this party to trap again on Platt River;—where they were remarkably successful & accumulated an immense amount of furs—

It then became necessary to send an Express, with a freight of furs, down the Platt River, & thence to Ashly at St. Louis—Glass & four others volunteered for this hazardous enterprize—One of the four was Dutton; the individual who gave to Yount the balance of Glass' adventurous life, & the particulars of his tragical death—Up to the present date Glass told to Yount all which we have here written & Allen confirmed the truth of it all

As this Express Expedition was descending Platt River, in Boats made of Buffalo skins & fully freighted, they made the shore upon the prairie, where they found a very numerous body of Indians, which they mistook to be Pawnees, but who proved to be Pickarees—These two nations speak nearly the same language, & were often mistaken one for the other—The savages manifested great cordiality & friendship—At that time the Pawnees were in friendly alliance with the whites, but the Pickarees were deadly hostile—

This error proved fatal in the following manner—As the expedition approached the shore, a multitude of the savages met them with great cordiality, invited them into their wigwams & spread a feast before them—All except Dutton left their Rifles in their boats; he carried his with him—While eating some words were dropped which led Glass to suspect the error, & he said to one near him—"these are Pickarees"—The Chief understanding him, replied, "No, Pawnees we"—Glass ran & the rest followed him—But, on reaching their Boats, the guns were all missing;—& the savages were close in pursuit—

The party rowed hastily across the River, & fled—The savages swam after them & a running fight ensued—They did not pursue Dutton for fear of his Rifle—but he looking behind, saw all his fellows, except Glass, killed; & three savages in close pursuit of him as he entered a ledge of rocks—He afterwards saw the savages walking leisurely & sitting upon the rocks, & naturally concluded that they must have slain Glass—

Dutton then bent his course towards a place in the wilderness, where he with the other trappers & with Glass had cached a large supply of provisions & other property—After many days wandering, he



reached the near neighborhood of the cache & secreted himself to wait for the darkness of night, before approaching it—

After dark, to his astonishment, he beheld numerous fires lighted in its immediate vicinity, & naturally concluded that a party of savages lay encamped there—He accordingly waited during another day, in a secluded cave of the mountain—But yet the following night the fires appeared again—Thus night after night, those fires appeared, till he was in danger of perishing with hunger—

At length at midday, as Dutton lay secreted in his cave, almost famished with thirst, a man passed the mouth of his cave—He crept to the light, & to his astonishment, there was Glass—whom he had supposed to have been slain by the savages, in the ledge of rocks—

Glass had lighted those fires, night after night, in order to deceive the savages, & cause them to suppose that a large company of white men were there encamped—The two then remained & lived sumptuously on the provisions there cached, until well recruited, & then took up their march for Council Bluffs—

At this fort Glass found the recreant individual, who had so cruelly deserted him, when he lay helpless & torn so shockingly by the Grizzly Bear—He also there recovered his favorite Rifle—To the man he only addressed himself as he did to the boy—"Go, false man, & answer to your own conscience & to your God;—I have suffered enough in all reason by your perfidy—You was well paid to have remained with me until I should be able to walk—You promised to do so—or to wait my death & decently bury my remains—I heard the bargain—Your shameful perfidy & heartless cruelty - - - but enough—Again I say, settle the matter with your own conscience & your God" "Give me my favorite Rifle"—

It is remarkable to observe how highly these men of the wilderness value their firearms—No amount of money can purchase one of them—Next to his own heart's blood, the trapper's Rifle is the dearest object to him on earth—Yount has slept with it by his side more than forty years & solemnly avers that if it be not near him, sleep loses its refreshment & the world is desolate—nothing can supply the lack of it, & all the luxuries of the world are vanity without it—

After leaving Council Bluffs Glass encountered another adventure similar to the last described & was the sole survivor of the whole party of trappers, with the exception of one, & this one reached the identical trading post, to which Glass had crawled two hundred miles, after having been torn by the monster Bear, & two days after to the astonishment of all in came Glass, having wandered more than three hundred miles, with no other weapon than a sheath knife, & subsisted on berries & the carcasses of deceased Buffalos—

At the Fort a purse of Three Hundred Dolls was bestowed upon him & with this money he travelled to the extremely western settlements on the Missouri & became a partner in an enterprize for trading in New Mexico—But the same passion for travelling alone never forsook him, & he would never encamp with his fellows, but always miles

distant roaming solitary & sleeping in silent loneliness—Often he would not be seen by his fellow travellers during many weeks, & yet he always knew where to find them, & could at any time fly to their aid when danger threatened—

After a year's labor with but indifferent success, he found himself at Toas on the borders of New Mexico, where Provost, a merchant of some distinction, employed him to conduct a band of trappers into the territory of the Eutaus—At that time the Snakes & Eutaus were engaged in a very sanguinary war; & all white people who were found among either of those savages, were regarded by the other as their enemies & slain or made prisoners without mercy—

The whole of this band, while trapping in the Eutau country, were fallen upon by the Snakes & his escape then was hardly less remarkable than those before related—They were descending a river in canoes, & leisurely trapping for Beaver with great success—In their canoes they had very many carcasses of the animal, from which they had taken the pelts, & the choice bits for food—At noon day, they discovered a solitary squaw upon the shore, busily employed in digging roots—

She did not discover them, & one proposed to land & give her some carcasses of beaver—The boat glided toward the shore so still as hardly to occasion a ripple upon the water—So soon as they made the land, three of them hastily ran up the bank, each with a carcass in his hand, towards the squaw—On a sudden as she saw them she sat up an unearthly scream—One huge savage was lying a sleep, a few yards beyond her, who, on awaking, hastily let fly an arrow, which pierced one of the trappers quite through the lungs

Others came flocking over the hills & arrows filled the air—The one first shot was mortally wounded, & could not survive more than a few moments—The rest betook themselves to their boats, & pulled out into the stream beyond the reach of the arrows—As the savage ran up hastily to take the scalp of the wounded man, he levelled as he lay & shot the villain dead at his feet—

The wounded one now called to his fellows in the Boats, & begged them to return & reload his Rifle & leave him there to die, his rifle by his side—Glass complied, & pulled toward the shore, charged the dying man's gun & had only time to lay it thus by his side, when showers of arrows flew thick around him—

The poor dying brother begged him not to move his body for it was torture; & Glass turned to flee to his boat, & at the moment was struck in the back by an arrow, which broke & left the point bedded deep near the spine—He reached his boat & the expiring fellow cried aloud, "leave me & consult your own safety—I can live but few moments, but if breath & strength remain I will yet kill one of them"—The party pulled lustily out into the River, where they sat & saw the tawny host come down upon the dying brother—The sharp crack of his Rifle was heard, & one savage fell near the ill fated trapper, & in an instant he was torn in pieces & his sufferings ended—

The party sailed fast down the river & escaped—But Glass, after

all was the greatest sufferer—This the reader will readily believe when told the fact which not only Yount but other credible witnesses can attest, that he travelled through the Wilderness Seven Hundred Miles with that arrow in his inflamed back & then submitted to be laid upon his face & endure the cutting of the missel from his flesh swollen & inflamed to an astonishing degree—Yount well knew the hardy trapper who performed this awful operation with a razor

Of the above narration the writer entertains no doubt whatever—It is no fiction, neither is it exaggerated—All must admit that there was in this brawny trapper a fortitude & a capacity for endurance such as rarely falls to the lot of mortal man—And such a series of adventures, dangers & sufferings has rarely fallen to the lot of humanity—

But we now approach the termination of his very remarkable career—After remaining at Tous many months, while his wound was healing, & his bodily health & strength recuperating, Glass again embarked with a party of trappers, far up the Yellow Stone, near its source; to remain there during a year & gather furs to be sold to the American Fur company, & also to hunt during the winter months—

It was a cold & dreary winter in those bleak regions—The party erected for themselves huts of logs, from which they sallied out to return at evening, or frequently & be screened from the frequent storms—One pleasant day, Glass, with two others, proposed to cross upon the ice to an Island & there erect for themselves a temporary abode, where to remain a few days, & return at intervals to the main encampment—

All being made ready, two having taken upon their backs their load of provisions & implements to start, the third having casually omitted some trifling preparation, proposed to them not to wait, but proceed & he would follow their footprints in the snow; & soon overtake them—The two accordingly took up their journey not at all apprehending danger—The distance to the Island was but a few miles, & no savages had for a long time molested, or even visited them—

The third was soon ready, & followed not more than a mile behind—It was easy to trace them as they travelled on snowshoes—Just before he reached the Island, to his astonishment, there lay one of his comrades weltering in his blood, an arrow having passed quite through his body—No savage was near, nor any sound or appearance of man or beast—

Resolved to know the worst, he laid down his burden & ran hastily forward—Soon however he realized the whole—Within a hundred yards, there lay the body of poor Glass, pierced through & through with arrows, his life extinct, & his blood melting the untrodden snow still warm & quivering—No savage had approached them, nor was any footprint near—But the deed was done—

The whole party were hastily in pursuit but the savages were gone beyond the reach of their pursuers, & none could avenge the



death of those two favorites of the camp—That was a day of mourning—The remains of poor Glass there interred in the lonely wilderness—He had his failings—But his fellow trappers bear testimony to his honor, integrity & fidelity—He could be relied on—& no man would fly more swiftly, nor contribute more freely to the relief of a suffering fellow man than he—

We quote now from Clark (MS b, pp. 44-46):

#### SYSTEMATIC HUNTING OF THE GRIZZLY BEAR THE GREAT ARENA

Not many leagues from the spot where now stands the great Salt Lake city of the Mormons, in the Eutau Territory, is the great arena; where all the most powerful tribes west of the Mississippi have been accustomed, from time immemorial, to resort & fight their great national battles—There the Blackfeet, Snakes, Crows & many other powerful nations of warriors are at home—It is to them what Kentucky & Tennessee once was, during thousands of years, to all the Indians east of the great prince of rivers—& the bones of slaughtered Thousands lie there bleaching & whitening the desert waste over many thousands of acres—The aged warriors conduct thither their youthful sons to shew them the field of glory, where their ancestors have been immortalized from generation to generation—Monuments of great deeds mark many a knoll & dell, where the Redman is wont to bow with reverence, as he passes & repasses in token & memory of his illustrious fathers who fell there in in glorious battle—They tell us that it was & is still the custom of all the Redmen of the west & north & south to place an additional stone upon those monuments of past renown, whenever they chance to pass there, & until the piratical white man came these fields were sacred in both Kentucky & the west—& beneath these numerous heaps of stone are the bones innumerable & the implements of sanguinary war—over which, in many cases have grown lofty forest trees which have stood for untold ages, like silent mourners, of the brave dead, who lie in solemn stillness in the earth beneath them—The Bear river region is the spot where nations, in long centuries passed, have met to determine their comparative strength in battle & the whole valley is one entire graveyard of their braves—The tribes are as familiar with every rod of that valley as the New England farmer is with his wheatfield—The indians love to roam & linger there, for by doing so they imagine they commune with the spirits of the departed brave—& that by a pilgrimage there they & their sons are made better heroes, more brave by communing with the departed brave—They suppose that those spirits love to congregate & linger on the fields of the brave—& will not fail to meet their children they left behind upon the earth—

#### THE TRAPPER & THE GRIZZLY

One delightful spring morning the whole party of trappers scattered off in different directions to examine their traps, & to bring in their game—One after another returned, till all but one were in—&

that ones mule came in without his rider—As evening advanced all began to inquire for the lost one—It was an unusual occurrence, & there was a stir throughout the camp—When suddenly in came the lost one as the shadows of twilight had begun to thicken fast & all were just about starting out in search of him—He was an object of admiration—His apparel, which was of Buxskin, throughout was most thoroughly saturated with water, & his visage wore an aspect of mingled terror & chagrin—All gathered around him—But he stood most in need of nourishment, having passed the entire day in fasting—Give me food, said he, & you shall know the whole—It was told them to their no little mirth that he had tied his mule, & proceeded down the bank of the river to adjust his traps, when one of those terrible monsters, a grizzly bear, evidently with an empty stomach, approached—The mule took fright, broke from his fastenings & fled—His trusty Rifle was lying on the ground & bruin assumed to stand sentry over it—He then marched down the bank to the water's edge—licking his chops in anticipation of a delicious meal—The trapper fled into the middle of the River—where the water was quite up to his neck—The monster placed his foot upon the edge—stretched out his neck, smelt the water, & then, with his foot tried its temperature—drew back & shook his paw & sat himself down upon his haunches to await his victim's coming on shore, evidently not doubting that he must & would come soon, & there he sat all the live long day, & to the trapper the day was very long—As twilight approached Bruin bethought himself of the family at home & "the evening chores"—& making a respectful bow magestically retired—Our trapper did not even invite his stay till morning—but hastened to the camp to announce his noble guest It was an incident fraught with much amusement, although an adventure which hardly anyone would covet—No one envied him—

Yount's trail now crosses that of the noted explorer, Jedediah Smith. It is of great interest to see the effect upon Yount's future career made by Smith's glowing account of California.

Dale tells us that Smith and Arthur Black, after the massacre of their party on the Umpqua, set out from Fort Vancouver in March, 1829. They found their way to the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, held in that year at the junction of the Popo Agie and the Wind River (Coutant, **History of Wyoming**, 1899, p. 132). Jackson was not at the rendezvous that year. Smith went into winter quarters on Wind River, January 1, 1830, and was at the rendezvous, at the mouth of the Popo Agie again, with William L. Sublette and David E. Jackson (Dale, **The Ashley-Smith Explorations**, 1918, pp. 277-288).

Mrs. Watson tells us, p. [7], that Yount's outfit "met four

men named Jackson, Smith, Milton Sublette and Black, who told them they had made a successful hunt in California on the San Joaquin and had discovered gold there. This was in 1830. Smith had a lump of gold with him in 1829, but was attacked by the Rehue [Requa] Indians and lost it."

Clark (MS b, pp. 46-48) has left the following story:

#### FIRST DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALA

A man by the name of Black with one Jackson & Sublitz trapped on the San Joaquin in the year 1829 & discovered gold there in great abundance—& all were afterwards slain by the Rogue Indians except Smith—This was Smith's second defeat by the Indians in the first he lost 16 men—Carelessness was the cause—suffering a multitude of the indians to come into camp who rose suddenly upon them & butchered indiscriminately—The cannot be trusted—Smith's party confidently communicated to [Yount] that they had made a successful hunt on the San Joaquin & reported California to be the finest country in the world—having a charming Italian climate & a soil remarkably productive—They said the vallies swarmed with Inds, peacefully disposed, & the hills, mountains & streams with a profusion of game of every kind—that the Sacramento & San Joaquin abounded with Salmon & that Beaver were abundant in all the Creeks & Rivers—In this representation they did not at all exaggerate—nay—they fell far short of the reality— . . . Smith, Jackson, & Sublitz sold out the fruits of their enterprize here for Seventy five thousand dolls They returned, keeping their own counsels, & Smith immediately purchased several wagon loads of Picks, Shovels & Crowbars, with other merchandize, & with his two younger brothers, emigrated westward, on a secret expedition, unfortunately not even communicating to his brothers the object of his enterprize, nor whither it was destined—I say unfortunately—I should rather say fortunately; for evidently the time had not come for opening those treasures of Gold, of which he was doubtless the first American discoverer—At that time Mexico held jurisdiction over both New Mexico & California, & the first essay of Americans to appropriate the country or its productions would have been the signal for a bloody & protracted war—Smith's journey was prosperous, until he reached the westernmost borders of Arkansas, when, as the wagons were dragging heavily over the sandhills, at midday, an Antelope was discovered basking in the sun—He ordered a halt, & with his Rifle crept over the hillocks, till he reached a convenient distance, & shot the animal—At the instant, two Camanche Indians, from behind, plunged their spears into his back—He instantly whirled & shot the indians with his pistols, & the three died on the spot together—It has been conjectured that the Antelope was a tame one & used as a decoy for Smith—the Indians not apprehending, that after the discharge of his Rifle, they might expect any further demonstration of firearms from Smith—The train came on to Santa Fe; but the brothers knew no use for the implements they were transporting, & they were pro-

foundly ignorant of their brother's intentions—There can hardly be a doubt however that he was on a secret expedition to dig gold in California—Certain it is, that, in a previous year, he had discovered the gold in great abundance; & that only Smith & Black & one more knew that gold had been discovered, & that Smith alone knew the spot where it could be obtained—The locality remained a secret in his breast, & the discovery died with him in Arkansas—His goods, together with all the implements, Picks & Shovels &c, were disposed of in Santa Fe at auction for a mere trifle, & all Smith's great outfit having been sacrificed, his brothers wended their way back to Missouri—

There appears to be not the slightest corroboration of the view that Smith, on his last fatal expedition, was bound for California to dig gold. Nor can I reconcile Yount's recollection of the manner of Smith's death and of the details of the massacre of his party in Oregon with accounts drawn from more direct authority.

J. J. Warner was clerk for Jedediah Smith on the fatal trip to New Mexico (see *Ann. Publ. Southern Calif. Hist. Soc.*, vol. 7, pp. 176-193). Warner met Smith in St. Louis in the fall of 1830 and says that Smith told him at that time that "he had spent eight years in the mountains and should not return to them." Warner saw Smith again in March, 1831. He then told Warner that "he had determined to accompany a trading expedition which he had been fitting out for Santa Fé for a couple of his younger brothers as the capital invested was much larger than he had at first intended and that he should return in the fall and that he would give [Warner] a situation if he was disposed to go to New Mexico and be left there as an employe on the business or return with him as he might elect. . . . There were twenty three wagons," and a party of eighty-three men (Warner, Calif. MS, D. 23, Bancroft Library, pp. 3-5).

All this makes it improbable that Smith intended to return to California in search of gold. Yount apparently had first-hand information that Smith had discovered gold in California. This is a tradition that has been handed down by the miners.

Smith's stories inflamed in Yount the desire to visit the Coast. He began to make his arrangements in the fall of 1830, when he joined a trapping expedition fitted out in New Mexico by William Wolfskill. The party included Francis Z. Branch, Lewis T. Burton, Samuel Shields, Zacharias Ham, Juan Lobar, François le Fourri, Baptiste St. Germain, Bautista Guerra and



Cooper, all of whom including Wolfskill and Yount remained at least temporarily in California. It was Wolfskill's intention to join Ewing Young, then in California on his first expedition to the San Joaquin, to enter California at the south, traverse the San Joaquin and return by way of the Great Salt Lake. We quote from H. D. Barrows:<sup>1</sup>

Last of Sept., 1830, the party, with Mr. Wolfskill at its head, left Taos for this then far off Territory of California. They came by a route farther north than that usually adopted by the Spaniards in traveling between California and New Mexico—their object being to find beaver. They struck the Colorado just below the mouth of the Dolores, at the head of the "Great Cañon," where they crossed; entering the Great American Basin, striking the Sevier; thence southward to the Rio Virgin, which they followed down to the Colorado; thence descending the Colorado to the Mohave [Desert]; where they hoped to obtain some provisions of which they were in want, and also to find beaver. From there they took across to the sink of the Mohave river, through the Cajon Pass to San Bernardino, and finally to Los Angeles, where they arrived in February, 1831. Here the party broke up—being mostly without means. Some fitted out with what guns, etc., there were left, and went to hunting otter on the coast. Very few of the disbanded party had any intention of stopping in California permanently. But they must do something, to enable them to get away. Mr. Wolfskill, with several others, went to work and built a schooner, at San Pedro, with which to hunt otter among the neighbouring Islands. With this schooner, which they called the "Refugio",<sup>2</sup> they went down as far as Cerros or Cedros Island off the coast of Baja California. They had indifferent luck. . . .

Wolfskill's route from his crossing of the Grand River at the mouth of the Dolores through the Wasatch Mountains to the Virgin is difficult to trace. Clark's manuscript preserves only scattering incidents of the journey. Wolfskill evidently intended to continue southwestward from the crossing of the Green River but was hindered by snow in the high mountains

<sup>1</sup>—William Wolfskill was a native of Kentucky, born near Richmond, Madison County, March 20, 1798. He will always be remembered as the leader of the expedition of 1831 from New Mexico to California along a new route through Southern Utah and Nevada. Shortly before he died in Los Angeles, October 3, 1866, he recounted his adventures to his son-in-law, H. D. Barrows, the Southern California historian, who published them in the *Wilmington [California] Journal*, vol 2, no. 49, Oct. 20, 1866; and later in abbreviated form in the *Ann. Publ. Southern Calif. Hist. Soc.*, vol. 5, 1904, pp. 287-294.

<sup>2</sup>—Warner says that Yount was a member of the party that went with Wolfskill, Pryor and Laughlin to the San Bernardino Mountains and cut timber which was taken to San Pedro to build the boat. I am not able to find confirmation of this in Clark or in Watson, who do not indicate that any of Yount's sea-otter hunts were made in company with Wolfskill.

southeast of Sevier Valley. Warner (Calif. MS, D 23, Bancroft Library, p. 41) says he followed down the Grand to near its junction with the Green, "crossed the latter and struck the Sevier river and pursuing a Southwesterly course for the California valley encountered cold weather and snows in the mountains which demoralized and disorganized his company." Clark's narrative evidently begins after the crossing of the Green. He says (MS b, pp. 51-53):

They shaped their course in a South-west direction, to a place known then by the name of "St-Joseph's Valley" [perhaps Castle Valley]—Which they found to be the most desolate & forlorn dell in the world—Every thing about it was repulsive & supremely awful—Unanimously they resolved to abandon so dreary a region, & rather than sojourn there, forego the acquisition of any benefit in the world—Two short days march however brought them to a place entirely the reverse of it—to which they gave the name of "Pleasant Valley" [Sevier Valley]—Sweet water, luxuriant grass, & beautiful timber were abundant— . . . This valley lies in the Utau Territory at some distance from the Great Salt Lake city, in the southwest— . . . On leaving this garden of nature, the party realized the forlorn condition of the first human pair, when expelled & driven out from Eden—Their spirits drooped and their hearts sank within them—As they pursued their journey, all around them was soon wild wintry waste—The party encountered deep snows and solitary gloom—very little timber, interspersed with scattered clumps of dwarfish cedars & Juniper Bushes, & rugged, icebound streams—Nature's verdure all departed—Cold, chilling winds murmured thro the scattered, leafless & dwarfish trees, one here—one there—No feathered songster, but in the place there of the forlorn woodpecker toiling thro the dry & hardened bark, in search of some torpid worm or insect & gaining a meager subsistence from the frozen remains of nature's insidious destroyer—Wading, in the snow, as the sun went down, one dreary evening, a solitary Indian was discovered, whose dwarfish stature & lean, half starved, nakid person, a heap of bones & skin, well corresponded with the region where he dwelt—A single rabbit-skin hung over his otherwise nakid shoulders—With a rude bow & arrows he was hunting rabbits—He was met by surprise & started, with affrighted visage, to run—But impeded by the deep snow he could not escape, & stood trembling with affrighted visage, in expectation of immediate death They soothed him with presents of awls, beads and vermilion, & he sat down to contemplate the articles given him—At the request of the strangers he led them to his people, a groupe of the lowest & most degraded of all the savage hords of the west—The individual called to his people to allay their fears, for they were greatly terrorstricken—All they had in the world was some dried rabbit-meat—The party gave them knives & awls—These people are an anomaly—apparently the lowest species of humanity, approaching the monkey—Nothing but their upright form entitles them to the name of man—They had not a hatchet, nor any instrument to cut or perforate the softest wood—One discovery they had made, or had learned it from

some more intelligent savage—They would get fire by rubbing together pieces of hard wood—But it was a long & tedious process—When they would fell a tree for fuel, or for any purpose they built a fire about its roots—& they cut it up with fire—To erect a dwellinghouse for their own abode & shield them from the severe cold, they were accustomed to break off boughs & stick them in the snow & sloping the tops inward they would pile bushes on the top—Thus they were little else than animals in human shape—The name of their tribe is Piuch [Paiute], a corruption of the word in the Eutau tongue which means Rootdiggers—They have but few words, & communicate chiefly by signs—They live in little clans scattered over a great extent of country—A traveller who has been among them within a few months informs us that they have now become the most adroit thieves in the world—Their food consists of occasionally a Rabbit, with roots & mice, grasshoppers & insects, such as flies, spiders & worms of every kind—Where nuts exist they gather them for food—They also luxuriate & grow fat when they find a patch of clover—On many kinds of grass they feed like cattle—They love to be covered with lice because they appropriate these for food—

Yount's reference in the following paragraph to the Old Spanish Trail would make it appear that the Mexicans had traveled this route before Wolfskill's journey. It has been stated that Wolfskill "opened" the Spanish Trail but there may well have been travel over it before his time. Fray Escalante and Jedediah Smith had of course already traversed Central Utah. The course subsequently followed by the Spanish traders between Santa Fé, Abiquiu and Los Angeles led somewhat to the south of Wolfskill's crossing of the Grand and his uncomfortable situation in the mountains. We quote from Clark (MS a, pp. 43-44):

The two leaders, Yount and Wolfskill, now resolved, if possible, to strike the old Spanish Trail leading from New Mexico to California—But the snow was deep and it was almost impossible to find the trail, or to keep it when found—No dependence could be placed on Indian guides, besides, at this wintry season, few indian wanderers could be met—In the winter they are wont to follow the game into portions of the wilderness where snow rarely falls—All the Tribes are more or less migratory, and their indolent nature leads them to prefer the places where they can live with least toil and exposure—Our trappers, with much toil, reached a strip of Table land, upon a lofty range of mountains, where they encountered the most terrible snowstorm they had ever experienced—During several days, no one ventured out of camp—There they lay embedded in snow, very deep, animals and men huddled thick as possible together, to husband and enjoy all possible animal warmth, having spread their thick and heavy blankets, & piled bark and brush wood around & over them—The Blankets used by these travellers of the wilderness are of a peculiar kind;—very thick and almost impervious to water—A small stream of water, running directly through a corner of their camp, they found not difficult to be kept open for the use of

themselves and their animals, and a blazing fire was kept burning night & day in the centre—With their Beaver-skins they were enabled to cover themselves and provide a comfortable bed—Thus they lay, shut out from all the world, while the storm was howling around them, and the snow falling in astonishing profusion—The snow-storm ended with rain during several hours, and then followed a season of piercing cold; by means of which was formed, on the surface of the snow, a strong crust of ice, which would bear the weight of the heaviest animals—After the storm subsided and the weather had softened, Yount & Wolfskil ascended a lofty Peak of the mountains for observation—In the whole range of human view, in every direction, nothing could be discerned, in the least degree encouraging, but only mountains, piled on mountains, all capped with cheerless snow, in long and continuous succession, till they seemed to mingle with the blue vault of heaven and fade away in the distance—It was a cheerless prospect, and calculated to cause emotions by no means agreeable in the stoutest heart—The party had missed their way, and had taken the left hand route, when they should have taken the right hand,<sup>1</sup> before they ascended that table mountain—It was by this error that they encountered the snow-storm—This was all they had learned by the laborious ascent up the Mountain Peak—Several of their animals had perished in the piercing cold,” . . .

We conclude the narrative from Clark (MS b, pp. 53-55):

So soon as the wind had lulled away & the weather had cleared up, all were impatient—They accordingly broke up their encampment & resumed their march—The reader must imagine the journey from this lofty station, to Virgin River Valley, for words are poor things to describe it; neither can words describe the feelings & emotions, which struggled in the breasts of the party, while there encamped, & when groping their way upon the glare ice, & frozen snow, down the steep declivities & into the vallies which lie beneath them—After a few days march, they knew not whither, & what to hope for, to their utter astonishment, they were ushered into another of those enchanting vallies—There the earth was bare of snow, & the evergreens waved in gentleness & calm serenity—The Elk, deer and antelope, driven from the mountains, by the snow & piercing cold, were basking, with their frolicsome fawns, unawere & unintimidated by the sight of man—They would flock around like domestic sheep or goats, & would almost feed from the hand—Flocks of their young of every age & size, would bound & glide gracefully from hillock to hillock, & approach like lambs, in the farmer's farmyard—There, at evening, our adventurers encamped in a perfect Elysium—Instead of the howling and tempestuous winds of the mountains—calm zephyrs played around them— . . . Our travelers lingered here, reluctant to again to resume the toils of travel which lay before them . . . They had heard of California by the hearing of the ear, & had a continually increasing prospect of seeing that Eldorado

<sup>1</sup>—Wolfskil evidently became confused near the junction of the forks of the Sevier River and went due south or southeast onto one of the high plateaus, the southern continuation of the Wasatch Range—elevation 10,000 feet.



—so that any lengthened delay, even in that valley of delights, was undesirable, whenever sober reflection assumed its prerogative, & pleasure yielded to reason—They bad farewell to this enchantment & resumed their journey—The soil is red sandstone & therefore the waters of the River are almost like blood—Within twenty five miles of its mouth some Indians brot them salt—Ere long mountains of the purest white salt were found—Some of the salt they sent by ship to Boston—Virgin River empties into the Colorado—Mahauvies again in their old character—A small brass swivel [gun] upon a packsaddle, on a mule—deterred them—Gen. Karney afterwards used the same & it now lies a trophie in the Navy Yard of Boston alongside of Alvarado Hunter's long Brass Gun a trophy also—

### IN CALIFORNIA

From the mouth of the Virgin River the trappers continued down the Colorado and struck out across the desert to the Mohave River. They traveled up that, crossed the Cajon Pass and descended into the Spanish settlements of Southern California. We quote from Clark's account of the San Gabriel Mission (MS b, pp. 55-56):

#### MISSION OF SAN GAVEIL

The Priest & Father of the mission had just completed a **Rodeo**—& turned out his herds, to the number of One Hundred & Thirty Thousand head of cattle<sup>1</sup>—These were spreading themselves out over the Mission lands—In addition to this immense array of animal life, were horses, hogs, & goats & other domestic animals almost innumerable—The establishment was on a scale of immense magnitude & grandeur, & there was a profusion of wealth & magnificence, which would do honor to any noble of Castile or Arragon At that time Cattle & Horses bore a low price, no more than one & a half dollars a head—& travellers did not hesitate to take one as they might need—All rode fast till the animal tired & then turning him loose took another without ceremony by the wayside—There were neither roads nor fences—but only trails—[continuing from Clark MS a, pp. 50-60] and all travelling was on horseback, and all transportation on packhorses or mules—Each Ranchero had his own mark which was branded on the hip of his animal, and this mark was registered at the Pueblo office, and he might take his stock where he could find it—The land was either owned by the Government, or by grants of from, one, to twenty leagues, bestowed by Government on individuals, favorites, or men of distinction and renown—No Protestant could hold land, or any real estate—Throughout a distance of seventy miles, about the Mission of San Gaveil, one would pass through almost one continuous herd

<sup>1</sup>—José Bernardo Sanchez was in charge at San Gabriel at this time. The Mission herds of cattle numbered 20,500 in 1831, according to Father Eugene Sugranes, **The Old San Gabriel Mission**, San Gabriel, 1909, p. 71.

of cattle & horses—& the land was very fertile, covered, like all the territory of Californial, with a heavy burden of wild oats, on which the herds thrive and fatten wonderfully—The oats, when cut early, before the kernel will shed itself from the stook, make the best of hay—But the farmer needs very little hay—Only during a month or two, after the dry season is past & the winter rains commence, to cause the dried crop of the past year to decay, do any of the domestic animals need any care—So soon as the earth is saturated, the Oat springs anew, a beautiful carpet of green is again spread over the surface, and nature pours forth anew an abundance for animals of every kind—There is no frost, to bind up the face of nature—& all the herbage, annually springs anew from the seed, self sown—Hence the farmer never encounters a tough and obstinate greensward in the tilling of his grounds, but only a soft & yielding surface—Yount & Wofskil felt an irrepressible curiosity to visit the Mission & its venerable Father—But totally ignorant of the spirit and customs of the country, & of those establishments, they were embarrassed with a thousand misgivings—In their rude, unique Buckskin garb, & rough personal appearance, they could hardly expect any favor, even if they should gain admittance, which they deemed doubtful—

#### THE VENERABLE FATHER

They however dismissed their misgivings and called at the Mansion to pay their respects to the Lord of such a Manor—To their no little surprise, they met a most cordial reception—They encountered nothing of that superciliousness which they had anticipated, but, on the contrary, the dignified and cordial address of a truly great man—They found the Holy Father bland, meek and accessible, and all the comforts of the establishment thrown freely open to their enjoyment—Their scrupulous honesty had preceded them there, and the Priest, in the most delicate and gentlemanly manner, alluded to it, as to him satisfactory evidence that they were worthy of his hospitality. Apartments neat, clean and sumptuous were allotted to them, and they were fed richly, and attended like guests of distinction and renown—Having returned with provisions, they brought in their party, all of whom were duly cared for at the Mission—Vespers and matins were daily had before the door of the Priest's residence, and the Roll of several hundreds of the Indians was daily called, all of whom were well clothed and fed—That Priest had, at the time of Yount's arrival, more than two Millions of Dollars in his coffers, which were strong, rude oaken chests, safe and secure as if guarded by the strongest bolts and bars of Iron—and, as we have stated above, One Hundred and Thirty Thousand head of Cattle, besides horses, hogs, goats and fowls and Poultry of every kind—The breeding of Sheep had ever been prohibited by the laws of Spain, in all their Transatlantic Domain—Such was the shortsighted and narrow policy of the Spanish Government, lest the value of wool might be depreciated in the Mother Country—Yount and Wolfskill fed at the Priests table with himself—It was interesting to observe the perfect neatness and cleanliness which marked the establishment throughout its every department;—And nothing could exceed the order and system

maintained everywhere and in minute detail—The Priest was all the Father, Patriarch and Lord Supreme of the immense family—At his daily advent before his subjects and dependents he blended all those attributes sweetly together—His spirit was everywhere, & pervaded everything like that spirit, which of old “moved upon the face of the waters”—He was a man of the highest order of talents, and withal so bland, so gentle, so affectionate and paternal, he gave dignity to everything, with which he came in contact—All looked up to him as to a parent, dutiful and affectionate children, look up & bow with entire reverence—His wishes were the all prevailing law, which no one would violate—Even the most minute want of everyone was attended to in detail and cheerful complacency seemed to smile everywhere—No harsh or supercilious word or look was heard or exhibited—Every department of the establishment bore the impress of his very enlarged & comprehensive mind—Order, method and regularity were perfectly maintained—Not only were his manors largely stocked, but his vineyards, orchards and gardens alike planted not merely for the present but also for future generations to enjoy—Tropical fruits, and the productions of every clime were there & in rich profusion—He raised the finest wheat and mills for grinding it were to be seen on various parts of the ranch; and consequently the finest wheat bread adorned his table—It was common for this Priest to purchase whole cargoes of Groceries & Provisions, and to freight the Ship with Hides and Tallow for its return voyage—He would order out his vaqueros for a Rodéo, and the herds were gathered in for the slaughter—and many hundreds were slain in a day—Here might be seen thousands of hides drying and being packed for the Market and there the numerous cauldrons trying out the Tallow—A thousand carcasses of Bullocks lay about the slaughtering-houses, on which were feeding first the Indians, who selected the choice pieces for their families;—Next his hogs and many dogs, and then the Vultures and Buzzards by day harmonious, and on their retiring, the Cayotes and Wolves in their turn by night—There was enough for them all—As these animals were fed profusely, they had no motive nor inclination to destroy even the tender kid—If the Grizzly Bear attempted an inroad, the dogs and Indians, with their lariats, on fleetest horses, would soon lasso the monster and drag him to a cruel death—His mangled body soon paid the forfeiture for his insolence, to increase the immense heaps of carcasses, on which the other abovenamed animals were daily fed—But Bruin paid his visits “few and far between”—Yount and Wolfskil, we have said, were entertained at the Palace table of his Reverence—The men were allowed to pitch their encampment, in the place they might chose, nearby, and were supplied with meat and Bread and other food, of the choicest quality, and to entertain themselves as they would—Every delicacy at the Priest’s command was sent them, and no effort was wanting to promote their happiness—The hunters, in their leather apparel, mockasins and strange accoutrements, were of course a great curiosity there, and the Indians, so civilized, were hardly less a wonder to the trappers, than the trappers were to them—Many feats of skill were mutually exhibited—Wild Redmen of the woods the trappers had known full well enough; but these same human beings, brought under salu-

tary rules of living well, educated and civilized, they had never known, nor had they even supposed it possible thus to tame such wild and wayward beings—Their feats with the lasso or Riata astonished the Americans hardly less than did the latter excite in the former amazement by their skillful use of the Rifle. These tamed Indians had never been allowed the use of firearms;—and even to this day the Digger Indians peculiar to California, have contracted no taste for the use of such weapons—In fact they do not possess sufficient enterprise or energy to gather any improvement whatever from their intercourse with Americans—They do gather some gold, and that very little, which they barter for ardent spirits or tobacco—But we shall have occasion to enter into a minute history of them hereafter—One morning, the vaqueras had lassoed a wild Bullock, strong & furious, and were about to drag him up to the slaughter, when one proposed to have him shot—The venerable Priest, with his two guests, was standing to witness the work of his servants, and Yount, after the hunter's fashion, was leaning on his Rifle—The Bullock was fifty yards distant—the Riata over his horns and across his forehead—One exclaimed to Yount—“Cut off the riata with your shot”—The Priest replied, “that is asking too much, more than can be expected; you may hit his head”—Yount fired, and the riata dropped off as the animal fell—Shouts of astonishment rent the air, and the venerable Father raised his hands in astonishment and exclaimed—Impossible as such accuracy may appear to the inexperienced, it must not be forgotten that a lifelong practice had attained to it—Even to this day, in his old age he retains the skill thus acquired—It has been to him profitable, and has in several instances saved his life—Two weeks [?] of one continued holiday were thus spent at the mission—A rich and valuable refreshment indeed to our trappers, after those long months of exilement, suffering and exposure in the wilderness—Feasting and merriment are indeed not only admissible, but commendable after such a season of hardship and privation—While at the Mission of San Gaveil all were happy and, on their

#### THEY LEAVE THE MISSION

departure, the venerable Father dismissed them with apparent reluctance and many blessings—He tendered to them every comfort, and begged their frequent return—He intermingled with his farewell blessings many wholesome admonitions, and begged them to obey God and keep his commandments—to confide in his Eternal Son for future Salvation—to worship him while life should last, and do nothing which would give them pain to remember on a bed of death—His precepts had been well enforced by example, for surely, while in their presence, he had well exemplified his christian profession, specially in obedience to the precept, “use hospitality without grudging”—It was now the month of February 1831—The season was far advanced for trapping Beaver on the San Joaquin, & Yount must come to some determination as to the future—To remain idle was inconsonant to his feelings, and to the habits of his life hitherto—He would fain devote a season to learning something of the country, so new to him, and of which he had heard such glowing descriptions—His first impressions had indeed



been calculated rather to enhance the ideas he had formed of it, but he was without the means of embarking in any considerable business—He had learned that an animal called the Sea Otter abounded on the coast and on the Islands contiguous to the seashore, & that the gathering of the fur of that animal had sometimes been made lucrative—He finally came to the determination to send back to New Mexico the men he had hired there, with his outfit and equipments, and remain himself one year, in California, & to wait the result of future exploration as to the enterprize he should embark in—The desire he had long entertained to gain a knowledge of the Pacific coast had, by recent events, been much augmented—Having despatched his party homeward, he passed a few weeks in exploring the region which now makes the lower part of the state of California—At length a proposition was made to him to embark in hunting the Sea Otter, but as the briny Ocean & himself were total strangers, he was slow to embark in it—He had never yet seen the seashore, and was ignorant of all watercraft except those boats of Buffalo-skins, in which he had so often navigated the rivers of the West—Up to this time, and months afterwards, he remained beguiled in relation to the real state of his affairs in New Mexico—He fully believed the story, which had been so often, and with such apparant truthfulness, told him of outstanding debts & floating capital;—and he fully expected to return & enjoy the wealth which he possessed in the East—In all good faith, therefore he sent back consigned to his partner the avails of this hard and severe campaign—A merchant by name of Denny,<sup>1</sup> of some wealth and reputation, having heard of Yount at Los Angeles, despatched a messenger, a Spaniard, in search of him to embark in hunting Sea Otter—Denny proposed terms quite satisfactory, but he felt as yet unprepared to undertake any enterprize—His strange apparel and perfectly unique appearance excited some attention and made him a object of notoriety—He had by some means gained the soubriquet of “Captain Buckskin”, by which name he is known, in that part of the country to this day—He was at length cited to appear before the Civil Authorities, and give bonds for his good behaviour—A law then existed, under the Mexican rule, imposing this duty indiscriminately upon every stranger—He had already been so fortunate in making friends, that he found no difficulty in complying with this provision of the laws—This being done, he purchased a horse, and with his Rifle, that trusty companion, made the journey of One Hundred miles to Santa Barbara—After which, he

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<sup>1</sup>—Undoubtedly William Goodwin Dana, formerly master of the ship **Waverly**, on this coast in 1826-28. He owned the Nipomo Ranch in San Luis Obispo County. “One source of revenue was the letting-out for a percentage of results of his otter license to foreigners who could get no such paper”—Bancroft, **History of Calif.**, vol. 2, p. 774.

George Nidever (Calif. MS, D 133, Bancroft Library, pp. 66-67, 73), at Santa Barbara after 1834, says: “Capt Denny the Capt of this port, had a license and Burten, Sparks and other hunters then here, hunted . . . paying him a share of the skins . . . I hunted under Capt. Denny’s license for about a year and a half or two years . . . We paid Cap’t. Denny 4% of our skins, he furnishing our provisions and paying the wages of one man for each hunter.”

sought to obtain specific terms of Denny for hunting—An arrangement was accordingly made that Denny should provide the outfit, furnish everything & carry it to the hunters upon the Islands or coast, & receive one half of the avails—

#### OTTER HUNTING

Yount found himself extremely ignorant of everything about the Ocean, so much so, that many of his inquiries became a subject of amusement to those with whom he had become associated—But on an occasion of a sail for pleasure in a small craft off Santa Barbara, where the sea breaks in unobstructed upon the Beach, all his associates, many of them experienced sailors, became extremely seasick, and he alone of all the invited guests, was able to enjoy his dinner—This circumstance afforded him quite a triumph; The sea was unusually rough, and the vessel danced merrily before the wind—Yount had much difficulty to stand upon the deck—It was the first vessel he had ever seen, and all the vessel's furniture was a fruitful subject of study and admiration—But as he alone, of all the party, was able to enjoy the Captain's company, on the quarter deck, the excursion proved, not only pleasurable, but very profitable and gratifying to his inquisitive disposition; and he became the favorite of the master mariner with whom he sailed—The Otter boats were all absent which occasioned a season of delay, and Denny, in order to secure his services, proposed to allow Yount One Dollar per day during the interval—In due season however, the boats arrived & Yount, with one Gilbreth,<sup>1</sup> a mulatto and two Kanaka servants made his exit on this novel expedition—They made a point of land which had been named "Gilbreth's point"—On their arrival, much to his admiration, they found the Otter lying upon the surface of the water, near the land, in groups of several hundreds together—The business of slaying the animals, commenced and to Younts astonishment, his Rifle, ever before true to its mark, missed his game fifteen successive shots—He was confounded, and made the Island forthwith, if possible to learn the cause—After repeated experi-

<sup>1</sup>—Gilbreth—perhaps Isaac Galbraith who came to California with Jedediah Smith and was said to have been an American blacksmith, "a crack shot and a man of gigantic size and strength,"—Bancroft, *History of Calif.*, vol. 3, p. 750.

William Waldo (MS *Reminiscences*, Missouri Hist. Soc.) has some account of Galbraith's experiences with Jedediah Smith and makes it appear that Galbraith accompanied the explorer on his second trip to California in 1827, and was one of the survivors of the massacre by the Mohaves on the Colorado River. During the fighting—"A ball struck Galbraith in the forehead . . . but a paper of vermilion which he carried in his cap, . . . prevented the ball from entering the skull, although he was struck down . . . After exhausting his ammunition . . . he performed such prodigies of strength and valor with his gun barrel, that the Indians fled from him and he made his escape. After long wandering, without gun or blanket subsisting upon frogs [and] snakes, . . . he reached the Mexican settlements of California." Waldo tells us that Galbraith died at Independence, Missouri, "bequeathing his herculean frame to a physician who had befriended him; and, up to the commencement of the late civil war, his skeleton could be seen in the doctor's office—a fine specimen of a Maine giant."

ments, he found that the sight of his rifle, had by accident, been disturbed, so as to cause a variation of eighteen inches from the point at which he aimed—The day was wasted in making the necessary experiments and corrections; and, on the following morning he killed ten of the animals without once missing his aim—This restored to him his character as a marksman, which he found not difficult afterwards to sustain—It was their method to be seated in a convenient position in a light boat, which was propelled with paddles in the hands of two sturdy Kanakas—until reaching within easy shot of the animal, as he lay basking on the quiet surface. Upon his being shot, one of the Kanakas would plunge into the water, & swim for his game and bring it into the boat—These Kanakas are at home in the water almost like the duck, and always go clad in no garment to encumber their swimming—During several hours, of a calm and pleasant morning, he would keep his Kanakas very actively employed in bringing in his game—Each hunter, was armed with two Rifles, & with every possible convenience for charging very quickly—His powder was carried in a horn by his side, with small bits of cotton or linen strung upon his vest conveniently, one of which was hastily laid over the muzzle after the powder had been poured into the Rifle, & a bullet placed upon it from the mouth of the hunter, which was kept always full, and all hastily rammed down—They used flint locks, and their pieces were self-priming—By this means no time was lost—Yount gathered Otter very fast, and the skins found a ready market—Each skin was at that time worth at least Thirty Dollars—and the employment, very lucrative, afforded an agreeable excitement—After a few days, Gilbrath, his companion, was so unfortunate as to lose his Boat, by the faithlessness of his Mulatto, who carelessly slept upon his watch, and Yount's boat & Kanakas were, for a long time, employed in endeavoring to recover it; but the effort was fruitless—Gilbrath thence became ill-natured and uncomfortable, and the business was thereby much interrupted—Yount had little peace until this man had left the Island—

#### PECULIARITIES OF THE SEA OTTER<sup>1</sup>

To describe Certain habits and peculiarities of the Sea Otter which Yount discovered during his season of hunting, cannot be regarded as out of place, in this connection—They afford a valuable contribution to natural History, and we have no recollection of having anywhere seen them recorded—When one is wounded by the hunter, his fellows will all set upon him, entangle him much as possible in the kali, commonly called kelp, and drag him to the bottom, and there fasten him, by weaving seaweed or kali about him, lest the hunter obtain and bear off his body—They are most commonly lying among the kali or kelp, and while on the surface of the water, they lie very still—They move from place to place chiefly beneath the surface—The Otter

<sup>1</sup>—Much of this account of the sea-otter is highly fanciful, but may be included here as a record of hunters' lore. Little is known of the habits even at the present day. Perhaps the most detailed observations are those of H. J. Snow who wrote *In Forbidden Seas*, London, 1910. The sea-otter is now almost extinct and soon will go if not more thoroughly protected. The animal bears the most prized and valuable of all furs.

feeds much on muscles and other bivalvular shell fish—He descends and brings up one of these fish, and also brings two stones of convenient size to the surface of the water—He then turns over upon his back, & lays one stone upon his breast, and placing the muscle upon the stone, & with the other stone, he breaks the shell of the muscle in pieces to obtain the fish within—At a certain season of the year they take in ballast sufficient to carry them to the bottom of the ocean—After thus sinking themselves, they crawl into some cavern, or secure place among the rocks where none of the monsters of the deep can reach them—There they lie, in a torpid state, it is supposed; or it may be, to give birth to and nourish their young—And after a certain period, they discharge the ballast and come up again to the light of the sun—Their ballast consists of stones of different sizes, from that of an ounce bullet up to that of a large goose egg—Yount has shot them immediately after they have come up from their long confinement to their ocean-bed, when they were covered with Barnacles, very fat and clumsy, and had discharged only a part of their ballast—So heavy were they that they would sink to the bottom immediately on being shot & he was obliged to wait till the ebbing of the tide to get the bodies—There are many traits peculiar to this animal, and which afford to the naturalist an interesting subject of study and reflection—It would be difficult to determine whether the Sea Otter or the Beaver of the interior mountain streams, is the most sagacious, we would almost be justified in using the word intelligent—After Gilbreth and his mulatto had lost his boat, and a long and fruitless search for it, a storm appeared to be gathering, and they were constrained to put themselves in a condition to encounter it—They had prepared their camp on the Island & brought up their boat, when a vessel of considerable size appeared in the offing, and boats put off from it for the Island—The poor Kanackas, were unfortunately in the worst state of feeling possible for such an event—Yount had been so unfortunate as to eat of some herb which proved poisonous, and occasioned him great distress, & much vomiting—This alarmed these superstitious creatures, & they connected this event with the loss of Gilbreth's boat, and insisted that the Devil was on that side of the Island—They had therefore been obliged to remove the camp—& immediately after this was done, the strange vessel made its appearance—& put off its boats—The poor creatures greatly alarmed, could with much difficulty be quieted—Six canoes of men from the vessel were fast approaching, and Yount took his [Portion of MS missing, probably some reference to a fight with the Northwest Indians.]

We continue from Clark (MS b, p. 56):

On the coast of California are the following named Islands—Santa Rosa—Santa Cruz, San Michael, Santa Clemente, San Nicholas, Santa Barbara, Catalena & several smaller ones off San Iago [San Diego] & Encinanta [Ensenada] far below—& there are many off the coast of Lower California—Clementina is destitute of water except such as stands in basins of the Rocks—But when watered by artesian wells it will become immensely valuable—Mines of the Precious metals are said to exist there hitherto undisturbed—The Rattlesnake is found on



only three Islands viz Santa Crus, Catalena & Ceres<sup>1</sup>—All the rest are free from venomous reptiles—but they abound on the main land—near the Island of Ceres, on the main land is a Jesuite Mission— . . .

#### GOLD ON CLEMENTE

On the east side of the Island of Clemente, at very low tide, in the year 1833, a little more than half way down the Island, was found a ledge of rocks projecting out into the sea, which was full of Gold—Doubtless the Island has since much washed away & the ledge must be quite under water except in extremely low tides; & it may be now quite submerged at all times—but still it is believed that it reaches back into the bank which is rather abrupt—It is worth looking after<sup>2</sup>

Mrs. Watson, pp. [8-9], informs us that:

. . . from the first island they visited [on Yount's first sea-otter trip] he returned after a few weeks with seventy-five skins that brought him the snug sum of two thousand dollars. After such success he visited the other [channel] islands . . . [including] San Clemente . . . Mines of precious metal are supposed to exist here. On the island of Santa Barbara he took ten sea elephants and otter in great abundance. On the island of St. Clemente he built a boat of sea-elephant skins. It was constructed after the fashion of those used by trappers on the western rivers [perhaps the only instance of a "bull-boat" being used to navigate the open sea]. The skins were cleaned of hair and fur, scraped down very thin upon the flesh side and while moist rolled into the smallest possible compass. When wanted for use they were soaked in water, while timbers from the flexible willow were being prepared. The hides are then skilfully stretched over the timbers and the boat is ready for use. In such hastily made crafts the largest rivers could be crossed. They would carry many tons [pounds] and five or six men in each boat. They were easily transported on the backs of men or animals, and when not needed were carefully soaked and rolled as before . . . . [In the ocean the sea-elephant skin boats] were short lived, as salt water was fatal to them.

After a second trip to the Islands and to Lower California (1831-1832), Yount went to Santa Barbara where he met a "Dr. Cooper"<sup>3</sup> and Thomas O. Larkin, the U. S. Consul. Mrs. Watson continues, pp. [9-10]:

<sup>1</sup>—Rattlesnakes are not known on Santa Cruz Island at the present time although they still occur on Catalina and Cedros.

<sup>2</sup>—Yount's story of gold on the islands caused a stampede to Catalina in the early sixties. Yount himself is said to have gone out three times before 1855 to look for the lost "mine," which he never succeeded in finding.—J. M. Guinn, *Ann. Publ. Southern Calif. Hist. Soc.*, vol. 9, 1912-13, pp. 43-48. (Also printed in the *Overland Monthly*.)

<sup>3</sup>—According to Bancroft "Dr." Fernando M. Cooper did not arrive in California until 1835. Probably Yount had met Capt. John B. R. Cooper, Larkin's half-brother. In '33 he was "licensed to hunt otter" and Yount seems to have been with him on at least one hunting trip to the Islands.

Mr Larkin came to Santa Barbara to be married, but being a Protestant, the Mexican laws would not permit a padre to solemnize the marriage on Mexican soil. A captain of an American ship [the Volunteer, Captain Shaw] . . . offered Mr. Larkin the use of his ship, so with his bride-to-be and many friends he sailed out to sea and the nuptials were celebrated under the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Larkin, with his bride, servants, vaqueros and horses, all well armed, as was the custom in those times, accompanied by George Yount and several other friends, started for Monterey and being several days on the road, would camp out unless they were at one of the numerous missions where they always were made most welcome. . . .

[They followed El Camino Real to Monterey; here] George Yount built another boat for otter hunting, but met with poor success. He decided to go further north, and after shipping his boats and other possessions on a Russian ship bound for Yerba Buena, . . . he started overland.

Clark preserves Yount's description of the San Francisco of that time (MS b, pp. 56-58):

#### CHOLERA OF 1832

San Francisco was then a mere cluster of barren Sandhills, with a half dozen wretched sheds and adobas—This only marked the spot which has now, (1855) become a proud city of more than sixty Thousand inhabitants—An occasional watercraft, or coasting vessel, or ship weatherbound on its passage to China or the Sandwich Islands, or some wandering whaler touching for wood & water, only, disturbed that Bay, which has since been burdened with a fleet of more than seven hundred large Ships, freighted with the merchandize of every nation in the world—The Bays & Rivers of California were navigated by only the Indian in his frail canoe—To the traveller ascending the San Joaquin & Sacramento in the year 1833 a most melancholy & heartrending scene was presented—Within the year preceding the Cholera had spread over the valleys of not only these Rivers, but also those of the American, Feather, Uba, Tuolomna & Merced, as it had done over almost all the world—It took the name Asiatic because it began its ravages in Asia—Of the millions, its victims during that year no accurate estimation has ever been attempted—Nowhere upon the globe was it probably more fatal than in the above-named territories in Cala.—On the first two Rivers above named, a population must have swarmed more dense than in any of the indian settlements of America—But they fell before that awful pestilence, like the grass before a mower, & disappeared as the dew before a midday sun Whole Tribes were exterminated—The poor ignorant creatures knew no remedy—Resorting to their charms & flocking into their sweathouses, in groups of several hundreds they would dance frantic around a blazing fire, & while thus dancing the disease would sieze them & they fall down in death—till the sweathouse could contain no more—After burning the bodies of their friends in heaps of hundreds, in despair the living fled to the mountains & wandered desolate &

forlorn they died alone—The bones of untold thousands lay whitening the vallies—Travellers ascending the Rivers found the stench almost intolerable & the following year heaps of whitened bones might be seen everywhere in those fertile vallies—Deserted & desolate Rancherias were frequent and numerous—Only here & there a remnant remained of the thousands & tens of thousands who lived there before the pestilence—The scattered few in sullen silence appeared like disconsolate mourners—They seemed unwilling to hold conversation with the stranger whiteman & little could be learned from them—In some instances parentless orphans were found alone, whom no one would own or succor—Doubtless they half suspected every whiteman as having had some agency in their calamity—It was a pitiful spectacle to see the survivors wander about among the bleaching bones of their tribe—We have known an instance of an infant female found there deserted & alone which was humanely cared for, cleaned of its filth & vermine & raised into womanhood & who afterwards married & was murdered by her husband after having been the mother of several children—"Blessed is he who careth for the poor and needy—The Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble"—

#### THE RESCUE OF THE INDIAN CHILD

George Nidever, famous trapper and sea-otter hunter, long a resident of Santa Barbara, was an early associate of Yount's in California. Nidever relates (Calif. MS, D 133, Bancroft Library pp. 62-66):

I remained in Monterey [1833] with a few others of our company [the Walker expedition which had just crossed the continent]. Here I met Yount who had been in Cal. some time. he was about to return to S. F. and invited me to go with him and to make an otter and beaver hunt around the bay and up the San Joaquin River. I sent my baggage in a Russian brig and I accompanied Yount in his canoe. We hunted a little on the Petaluma side of [the] Bay, and then proceeded to the San Joaquin river, where we trapped with very fair success for about two mos. We returned with about 30 beaver, 2 sea otter and 14 land otter. Sea otter skins were then worth \$30 ea, land otter \$2, and beaver about \$4 While on this hunt we found among the Tulares a little indian girl, that had been abandoned by its parents probably.

One afternoon having found a strip of dry land among the tules, we decided to camp thereon for the night. As we landed Yount saw what appeared to be indian huts about a quarter of a mile above us on the same strip of land, and while he got supper I set out to reconnoitre. Arriving at the huts I looked into them all, but found them empty. I passed on some distance but saw no signs of indians. It was dusk when I started on my return. In repassing the huts I heard a moan then others in succession which I traced to one of the huts. Looking in I saw nothing at first, but my eyes soon becoming accustomed to the darkness I made out a small child seated on the farther

corner of the hut. I went in and the little thing tried to talk to me but I could of course understand nothing of its language. I left it and returned to camp where I found Yount somewhat alarmed at my absence, and who when I told him of the child and proposed to go back and get it, would not listen to me. He was afraid the Indians might return in the night. All night it seemed as though I could hear the little one's cries. Early in the morning I went to the huts and found the little one so weak that she could not sit up. Upon bringing her out of the hut we found her nothing but skin and bone. She had probably been without food for three or four days. We took her to camp and gave her a piece of boiled beaver, and it was pitiful to see the eagerness with which she caught it to her mouth and sucked it voraciously. We feared to allow her to eat too much at first, and so took the meat from her after she had sucked it a few minutes, but so tightly did she have it pressed to her mouth that main force was necessary to take it from her. We made clothes for her and with a little care she soon recovered. When we returned from our hunt Yount took her home with him, after having her baptized and christened at the Mission of San Francisco.

A few weeks after our return to S. F. Yount took a contract from Capt. A B Thompson of Santa Barbara to furnish him with 20,000 shingles for his hotel which was then being built and is now known as the San Carlos.

The following is from Clark (MS b, pp. 58-60):

#### BENICIA

In 1833—Benicia was visited & has been thus described It was then nothing more than a wide and extended lawn, exuberent in wild oats & "a place for wild beasts to lie down in"—The Deer, Antelope & noble Elk held quiet & undisturbed possession of all that wide domain, from San Pablo Bay to Sutter's Fort—near which now stands the large & flourishing city of Sacramento—The above named animals were numerous beyond all parallel—In herds of many hundreds, they might be met, so tame that they would hardly move to open the way for the traveller to pass—They were seen lying, or grazing, in immense herds, on the sunny side of every hill, & their young, like lambs were frolicing in all directions—The wild geese, & every species of water-fowl darkened the surface of every bay, & frith, & upon the land, in flocks of millions, they wandered in quest of insects, & cropping the wild oats which grew there in richest abundance—When disturbed, they arose to fly, the sound of their wings was like that of distant thunder—The Rivers were literally crouded with salmon, which, since the pestilence had swept away the Indians, no one disturbed—It was literally a land of plenty, & such a climate as no other land can boast of—The few & scattered Spanish Rancheros owned large herds of cattle, but all combined in California were not a fiftieth part of what the land was competent to feed—During hundreds of years, fires have spread over all the country, in the dry season, of the year, & by this means the timber has been destroyed, except on the tops of lofty



mountains, & in the neighborhood of creeks & Rivers, so that all is one wide spread Prairy, of richest soil, ready & waiting for the plough of the husbandman—Instead of the long and tedious task of clearing away a mighty forest, & extracting stumps & roots, & subduing a hard & unyielding surface, the farmer of California has only to plough & sow & reap—And to facilitate this prompt & easy process, all the year round, nature provides spontaneously food for the horse & the ox—and as if this were not enough, she has laid by her stores inexhaustible of fish, poultry & venison—Of these no country was ever more prolific—But it lacks the enterprize, industry & frugality of the New England farmer—Could a colony of those snug, neat and industrious farmers of Western Massachusetts be transported hither & set down on these rich & productive lands, it would present a sample of thrift & comfort & happiness such as has never been seen on earth since our first parents were driven out from Eden—

From Benicia Yount proceeded to Petaluma, and the Missions of San Rafael and Sonoma. The padre of the two Missions, recognizing his all-around frontier ingenuity, hired him to make some needed repairs on the buildings. Mrs. Watson says that Yount was the first person to make shingles in Alta California. For details of this enterprise we may turn to the relation of Charles Brown (Calif. MS, D 53, Bancroft Library, p. 8) who says:

I made arrangts. with Geo. Yount to manufacture shingles to shingle Vallejo's house in Sonoma.

The shingles had to be made in the most primitive manner as we had no machinery. The tree was felled, barked, cross cut off in blocks of 18 inches long—then split, and shaved. With all those difficulties Yount & myself used to make abt 1000 shingles a day each—and I have seen men make as many as 1500. Those shingles we made were the first that had been seen in the country—

Brown says his wages were \$25 per month “and found,” and that later he got \$8 per thousand shingles.

The Mission life pleased Yount. He remained in Sonoma till 1835 and helped Gen. M. G. Vallejo to fight the Indians. Through Vallejo and Father José L. Quijas, friar of the northern Missions (whom Bancroft characterizes as “a good man when sober”), Yount obtained his grant of land in Napa Valley, where he made his home and spent the remaining years of his life. His papers to the Caymus Rancho were confirmed in the spring of 1836. Mrs. Bucknall in her address entitled “The Days of Long Ago” (*St. Helena Star*, April 6, 1917) has given the following account of how her grandfather came to locate in Napa Valley:

Toward the close of a beautiful Spring day in March he said he was riding his good horse Hunter along a narrow trail over Mt. St. Helena from Sonoma to Napa, and suddenly the matchless valley came into view, "It was gay with early eschscholtzia. . . and I exclaimed 'This is Paradise: it is here I would like to live and die.'"

It seems to have been the prudent policy of the Spanish Californians to protect themselves from Indian invasion at the north by granting lands on that frontier to foreigners. Under this procedure Yount obtained his grant and was the first white settler in Napa Valley. His nearest neighbors in 1836 were at Sonoma. Sutter came into the Sacramento Valley three years later and Fitch, the American, did not obtain his grant at Healdsburg in the Russian River Valley until 1841.

Mrs. Watson says that many of the Mission Indians went with Yount to his new home and helped him build his Kentucky block house,<sup>1</sup> perhaps the only one of its kind ever built in California. It had "a room eighteen feet square below and another twenty-two feet square above, fitted with port holes through which he defended himself and the friendly Indians by firing on the wild tribes who came down from the mountains . . . Always keeping his block house well stocked with food, he could withstand a siege many days . . . [After his] battles with the savages . . . [the] prisoners . . . were sent to San Rafael . . . [and] the Mission Dolores . . . where they were taught . . . ."

Yount assisted Vallejo in his fight with the Okechumne (Miwok) and other wild tribes on the 27th of December, 1840, at the Trancos (now Suscol) eleven miles south of Yount's Ranch.

Bears were numerous and Yount is said to have killed five or six in one day, and "it was not unusual to see fifty or sixty in twenty-four hours . . . while in low and marshy tule grounds along the river a great many gigantic elk were found." (Watson, p. [12].)

<sup>1</sup>—The block-house apparently did service as a fort during the first year that Yount lived on the ranch. In 1837 Yount built his "fort," a low, narrow adobe about one hundred feet long, with massive walls, and loop-holes. According to Mr. Isaac A. Johnston of Yountville, the "fort" was torn down about the year 1870. After Yount moved into his new adobe house, built on the spot which the Napa State Farm buildings now occupy, his daughter, Mrs. Vines, lived in the old fort. Yount's fort antedated that of Sutter by two years, and when it was built was the only white habitation inland between Sonoma and the settlements on the Columbia River.

In 1843, according to Bancroft, Yount obtained the adjoining La Jota Rancho and built his saw-mill upon it. This grant consisted of "over four thousand acres of table land" and was heavily timbered (Watson, p. [13]). Yount now began to exchange shingles for stock to replace those stolen from his ranch by the Indians. He also built a flour mill, planted a vineyard from cuttings of Mission grapes procured from the padres, and set out fruit trees.

His was the simple rude life of the frontier. Sitting before his hearth in the evening, he would mould his bullets for the old muzzle-loader, in preparation for the next day's hunt. The Indian bucks "looked after the stock and farmed while some of the squaws did the cooking." The squaws "washed the clothes . . . on flat stones" and, lacking soap, lathered them with the California soap root (Watson, p. [14]). In making wine the Indians trampled the grapes in a hide trough with their bare feet.

Some account may here be drawn from Clark (MS a, pp. 82-85) of the Indian neighbors with whom Yount was practically alone for many years:

#### [THE INDIANS OF NAPA VALLEY]

Within a distance of no more than One Hundred miles in length & twenty in width, including the Napa Valley, were five distinct nations, no two of which could converse together . . . without an interpreter . . . The names of these five nations were as follows—The Napa [Wappo, a Yukian tribe. Perhaps Yount refers to the southern Wappo villages near the present site of Napa city], the Ouluke [perhaps one of the villages of the Wintuns], Caymus [a middle Wappo village near Yount's house, four miles north of the present site of Yountville], Conahomanas [an unidentifiable name, perhaps a Pomo village], & Miacamus [a northern Wappo village near Calistoga], the last named tribe inhabited the region of the Hot Springs of that valley [Calistoga] & their name is significant of the region where they dwelt—These nations were remarkably jealous and tenacious of their rights—The limits of the territory of each were distinctly marked, & it was a capital offence for an individual of one tribe to transgress & infringe upon the territory of another—Death was the inevitable consequence of even the least transgression—Not so much as an Acorn, or a spire of Clover might be taken from beyond the established boundary—These Indians knew nothing of Agriculture, although their land was some of the most fertile in the world—It would be difficult in any country to find land, in point of fertility, superior to that in Napa Valley,—The whole cerealia flourishes there, & fruits of almost all descriptions are now successfully cultivated;—

& yet the natives knew neither seedtime nor harvest—Their food consisted of wild meats, Acorns, Clover, the Tagrogos Root & Grass-hoppers—In the dry season the squaws spread themselves over the land to gather Wild Oats & Grass seed—The women performed most of the manual labor, the men hunted, ensnared the Deer, & gathered the fish from the Lakes & Streams—Their method of ensnaring the Deer was rather ingenious & remarkably successful—Wherever they might find the paths of the animal, or the trails which they frequented on their way to watering places, they would erect long fences to turn the animal towards a single opening in which was fixed a rude pitfall, or heavy timber to fall upon & crush the unsuspecting victim—These animals were so very numerous that their trails were frequent, & it required little industry to ensnare meat in sufficient quantity for a whole tribe, at all seasons of the Year; & the fawns could always be slain with their bows & arrows, until they had grown to maturity—Such were the indolent habits of the Indians that it was never tedious to waylay the timid Deer & Antelope & to shoot them in ambush—

#### DIMINUTION OF THE INDIAN TRIBES

It is not yet eight years since the abovenamed valley swarmed with not less than eight Thousand human beings, of whom there are not now left as many Hundreds—They have been hunted down by the murderous white man—Ardent spirits have been afforded them by the same all exterminating foe; diseases of the filthiest & most fatal kind have been contracted & disseminated from the same source, the same intruders have usurped their land, scattered & exterminated their game & fish, corrupted the habits, as well as infected the persons of their females, which has rendered them feeble, torpid & indolent—Hence they murder their offspring at their birth, to rid themselves of the care & toil of nursing & raising them into life—If they do not murder them, the little innocents come into life diseased, & are born only to suffer & to die—Yount has exhausted all his influence, & exerted himself to the utmost to dissuade & prevent the squaws from the practice of destroying their infants, but in vain—The tribes are wasting away, like the dew of a summer's morning—They have already dwindled to such an extent, that almost all distinction of tribe & nation is gone forever—The poor remnants of all the five tribes above named now mingle & wander up & down the valley promiscuously together; they sit broken hearted & disconsolate by the sides of the streams, & under the antient widespreading oak; most of them mere bundles of corruption & the most loathsome of all diseases, offensive even to themselves—Their ardor & vivacity is gone—They eat when they can get food without effort, but they will all but starve before they will make any exertion; every step they take gives them pain & anguish—They are profoundly ignorant of the cause of their sufferings, languor & torpidity; & they are equally ignorant, of course, of any remedy, or preventive—In sullen silence they suffer,—unpitied and unlamented they die—Such the present condition of those once noble, proud & athletic nations, who, when Yount came among them, and during more than ten years afterwards, were generous, honorable, thrifty and free—In



agility & fleetness of foot they would almost vie with the Antelope, & in aspect & bold address they equaled the lofty & majestic Elk—They were true to the marriage covenant, & their females were chaste, pure & constant—They would stand before Yount, receive his precepts, heed his counsels & in grateful return for his care & kindness; when the wild & treacherous hords of the mountains besieged his Block-house; or stole his herds they would defend him, & pursue and punish the depredators—

[MS b, pp. 86-89] Of the five Tribes there the Caymus was quite the largest, & a history of them may be regarded as a general history of the whole—At certain seasons of the year they have always been in the habit of wandering off into the mountains, & scattering themselves, in small groupes, over the country—None of the Tribes of Cala. will compare at all with the Eutaus, Snakes, Crows, Apaches & Camanches—Nay they are inferior to all the Tribes east of the Sierra Nevada—These Cala. Indians, although subject to national wars & fightings, have [n]ever been known to have their great Park or Battle ground—whither to resort & try their comparative power or skill—Their offensive armor corresponds, in its main features, with that of all the Aborigines of the Western Continent—The Bow & arrows of the westernmost indians are much shorter than are those of the regions farther east—Clubs & spears are much lighter & are less used—corresponding with their size & comparative strength . . . Their government is arbitrary & absolute & tyrannical—An incident will serve as an illustration— . . . [Yount] was getting timber in the forest & had hired a multitude of the natives to labor for him in cutting & hawling his timber to the waterside—On one occasion he was alone with the Indians & no Chief was there The[y] combined together & forbade him from taking more trees from the forest—He buckled on his pistols, took his Rifle in hand & assumed the defensive—They armed themselves with their knives & in a menacing attitude, were about to carry matters to a fearful crisis—He bade them not to speak to him, assumed to be a Chief himself, & assured them that he should negotiate with none but a Chief—They approachd him, brandishing their knives—At that moment a Chief approached & spake to them—They assembled around him, & were clamorous, endeavoring to explain to him & satisfy his mind & exhonorate themselves—He stood listening to them in silence, for some moments, when, from apparent carelessness his cloak fell from off his shoulders,—At the instant, without uttering a word, he struck the foremost of the party & laid him stiff upon the ground—The whole party instantly fled in all directions into the forest—The chief turned, without uttering a word, & walked away—The white man entered his own log cabin & was sitting alone, when shortly the Chief walked majestically in, threw down a pair of fine ducks at his feet, lighted his pipe & smoked a few whiffs, and then passed it to his white friend, who well understood the ceremony & smoked the pipe & returned it again to his Excellency—Not a word was spoken, but the Chief, with great dignity retired & walked off to his cabin—From that hour business went on as if nothing adverse had occurred—The indians all returned to their labor & the work of cutting timber was no more interrupted—Unless they get ardent spirits the indians of the

same tribe rarely quarrel—Their females never gossip—Hence the chief source of quarrelling among neighbors is entirely wanting. The more northern tribes are remarkably imitative—They will form & fashion almost anything which is new to them—It was not many days after the first Steam ship appeared in their waters, viz Puget Sound<sup>1</sup> before the natives appeared in boats, with a pair of rude paddle wheels, & an Indian lying in the bottom of the boat to turn a crank & keep the wheels in motion & a smokepipe raised with another Indian feeding a fire to create smoke much as possible—All their boats are Clipper built, in imitation of the swiftest fishes seen in those waters—Although thus imitative they cannot be called ingenious—They are not inventive at all, but they will toil a whole year to carve & construct a stone pipe, after the model of anything which is new to them—They contrive peculiar methods of capturing game or fish—To obtain possession of the wild geese & ducks which abound in all their waters, they dress one of their number in a garb of feathers, down to the waste, & place him in the bow of one of their light canoes, with a brilliant light from a pitch-pine knot—He holds in his hand a spear, while two others lightly paddle the canoe, sitting in the extreme stern—Thus they approach a flock of hundreds of the unsuspecting birds, in the darkness of night—The disguised individual will spear as many as he desires, while their eyes are fastened on the bright torch-light—Often in this way they capture two thirds of the entire flock—By similar methods they beguile & capture the Salmon from the streams, & the Deer in the forests—Their bows & arrows are quite adequate to slay the Antelope & the noble Elk. But the Grizzly Bear & California Lion they rarely molest—If they meet these, they retire if possible and avoid a contest—Multitudes however have fallen the victims of these ferocious monsters—We have stated that Caymus Tribe was originally much the largest & most numerous of the five tribes in Napa Valley—Some fifteen years ago, a Master Spirit having wandered off, or been expelled from his own nation, far in the interior, came to the San Rafael Tribe, which dwelt some thirty miles Southwest from the Caymus, & associated with himself a kindred spirit of that tribe, kept the Indians, for a long time in a state of turmoil & tumult—The nation, for a long time could devise no means of quieting these turbulent fellows, till they elected them as Chiefs of the Tribe—Although peace at home was thus purchased, the two could not rest—They had learned the strength & power of the Caymus and burned to humble them, or at least to make them feel & recognize their own segacity & genius—Finally having learned that, on a certain night, the Caymus Tribe would be engaged in a grand religious ceremony, or celebration, which would end in a grand dance, within what was called the Sweathouse, which answered to the Church or Temple of Civilized nations—It was built of poles stuck in the ground & sloping inward so as to render the building a perfect cone—The polls were covered with reeds or tulies & then the whole overspread with earth to the depth of two or three feet or more—There were only two apertures, one for the escape of the smoke, at the top, & the other upon the ground, thro' which was

<sup>1</sup>—Mrs. Bucknall says that Mr. Yount went as far as Puget Sound on horseback in the early days.

the only ingress & egress—and that upon all fours—In this building the Indians were wont to assemble for religious festivals, & for all their dances for pleasure or worship—

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE CAYMUS

[MS a, pp. 76-82.] In this Sweathouse or Temple were assembled, on the occasion abovenamed, a large majority of the Caymus Tribe, with a huge fire in the centre, around which they were dancing—They had collected a supply of dry & combustible fuel, intending to continue their dance till day light—This fuel was heaped up outside—The two San Rafael Chiefs had secreted themselves in the dense chaparral, during the day, to abide their time,—and they crept stealthily up, at a late hour, & threw some clumps of wood over into the chimney—The poor Caymuse within attempted to creep out & were slain, as they placed their heads out within reach of the two clubs, which were wielded dexterously, until the aperture was quite closed with dead bodies—The two then hurled the fuel fast down upon the fire within, & the Sweathouse was soon in flames—The morning presented a most tragical scene—Nothing was left but a smouldering heap of human bodies dead & smoking, half consumed—A large majority of the great Cayms Tribe perished in that awful night—Before the sun was fairly up, the two murderers were far on their way towards San Rafael—The anniversary of that mournful night is to this day observed by the Tribe, or rather the remnant of that once powerful nation—Yount well knew those two monsters of evil, & mischief, but he could do nothing to redress the wrong, nor was it in the power of anyone to bring the perpetrators to justice—Ever after however, the two Chiefs behaved well; apparently satiated with cruelty & blood—They ruled well & wisely their people, & within three years, they have paid the last great debt of nature & been gathered to their fathers—

#### THE TUTELAR SPIRIT OF THE CAYMUS

At a period long previous to the tragical event above related, Yount embarked in erecting a small flouring mill, to be driven by the waters of the Napa Creek—He employed a large number of the Caymus Indians, paying them, as he was ever wont to do, their stipulated wages—When about to commence his dam, about One Hundred yards up the stream from the mill, where he would take the water out from the Creek into a canal, which he had dug for the purpose, he encountered a very unexpected obstruction—He found his Indians grouped together in the morning, & apparently sad and disconsolate—He ordered them to their work, & they declined, apparently not willful nor capricious; but bourn down with grief and sadness—He was induced to inquire the cause of their strange deportment—The Chief advanced & disclosed the fact, that the spot where Yount would erect his dam had then, during many centuries, been the abode of the tutelar & protecting spirit of the Caymus nation; & that, in the darkness of the preceding night, that great & good Spirit had come to him (the Chief) & earnestly remonstrated to his dwellingplace being broken in upon, or disturbed—He said the Spirit appeared bourn down with grief; &

had intimated that, thus to allow of his mansion being desecrated, savored of extreme ingratitude on the part of the Caymus Nation—He recapitulated his numerous past kindnesses towards the nation; said that he had been their good Spirit & protector during thousands of years; that he had been with them ever since they first became a nation; that when they were few in number & a mere infant people, he had been to them a father; he had never forsaken them, nor in any instance neglected them; & that now he was grieved to the heart to think that his children, his idols, dearer to him than the apple of ones eye, could thus requite his kindness & disinterested love—And the Chief choked as he spake & wept—Yount bade the Chief inform the good spirit that never under any circumstances would he disturbe or molest him—If by erecting the dam he (the Spirit) would be deprived of his dwelling place, it should never be built; but that he thought that the bare erecting of the dam, & turning the course of the water would not incommode him at all—He requested the Chief to ask the good Spirit to call on him, & he certainly would make everything quite satisfactory—The Chief was then left alone during the space of an hour, when he came out and announced that the good Spirit, disposed in every possible degree to accommodate Yount, had concluded to remove his residence across the Creek, upon the side of the hill, where he earnestly requested Yount never to molest him; & he would become alike the guardian angel & protector of Yount & the Caymus Indians, & remain so forever; and that prosperity & happiness should be theirs to enjoy—Upon this unnunciation the countenances of the Indians brightened, & they went cheerfully to their work—The enterprize of erecting the Dam & completing the Mill progressed with despatch & was soon completed—

#### RELIGIOUS RITES AND CEREMONIES

The religious customs of all the Tribes on the coast of the Pacific are similar—Their Religion consists chiefly in dancing, strange contortions of the body & imagined familiarity with good & bad spirits, & the Ghosts of departed friends—All the tribes have their Sweat-houses, or Temples to which they resort for all religious rites & ceremonies—These buildings are so constructed that they are capable of being heated like an oven—They creep into these heated houses, & lie around the fire for the healing of all maladies—Many of their cures are effected by dancing around the fire in these houses—Often they dance till they fall senseless—Always, in their religious dances, some individuals are appointed to sit & watch those dancing, lest they should fall into the fire & be burned—They will lie till the sweat stands in pools upon the ground—They believe in witchcraft, & that by a certain process of sweating they can bewitch their enemies—When in their religious dances, they become stupefied & fall, they often lie an hour or more, with no other indication of life than the mere beating of the pulse—No one is allowed to molest them then, & when they rise they generally have oracular or preternatural communications to make; to which all listen as they would to communications from heaven—They are represented & believed to be communications from supernatural



beings, or from the ghosts of departed friends—After thus holding converse with the dead, or with celestial spirits they are very eloquent & tell many strange & wonderful things—If the spirits tell them that they are about to die, they will publish the communication & then invariably lie down in death—If one receive a revelation that one of his kindred, or a neighbor is to die, immediately he will lie down, and expire without a groan or murmur—In their falling at meetings for religious worship, the phenomena of falling resemble those of the Methodists & some other Denominations, in the days of Whitfield, & in subsequent periods in the United States—There is this difference only—The Indians carry the custom farther, & are more extravagant—

### TUMULA OR SPIRIT PLACES

Like all the Indians both East & West of the great Mississippi, they have their sacred tumula, or spirit places—No Indian ever passes one of these tumula, without laying something upon it—It may be a Bead, a Pin or some larger article; but generally a stone or a stick—Should Five Hundred, or a Thousand or more come together to such a spirit place, every one will place something upon it—They are very scrupulous in all their religious observances—They deem it very irreverent, inkind; nor is it safe to appear to entertain contempt for their superstitions—Yount's policy with them has always been to treat all their religious notions with respect & never to make light of their scruples—In the instance when the tutelar Spirit felt so aggrieved at the prospect of his home being disturbed by Yount's dam, the mode of treatment he adopted is a fair specimen of his policy towards them—In his bidding the Chief to inform the Spirit that he (Yount) fully appreciated his greatness & great goodness, & should ever respect his rights, he struck a cord which vibrated happily through the whole Tribe; & satisfied all their minds, & at the same time secured to himself an influence over them for good—To this day the Spirit's home is respected, & by the Indians venerated and deemed holy—

### TRADITIONS OF THE ABORIGINES

Yount has labored hard & unweariedly to gain a knowledge of the history & traditions of the Indians about him—But hitherto all he has been able to gain, is very meager & defective—It is unsatisfactory, & in the estimation of the antiquarian, must appear almost trifling—They tell him that the Indians believe that many thousand years ago existed a great Good Spirit & a Bad Spirit equally Great—The bad Spirit was ever engaged in works of evil—Mischief was in his heart continually—At length the Prince of goodness made war against the Spirit of evil—That war was long & bloody; & finally terminated in the death of the Prince of evil—Subsequently to this event, so infested had all the world become with the Spirit & influence of that Prince of evil, that it was found necessary to burn & destroy the whole fabric; earth & water,—the atmosphere, all must be purified by fire universal—White men had not then been made; & Indians were, of course, all destroyed—In rebuilding the world, after the universal conflagration—California appeared anew, but only one great sea of water—save two

Islands; one of which was Mount Diabalo, & the other the lofty Peak of San Rafael [Mt. Tamalpais]—Upon these two Islands ever blew a very severe & cold wind; so severe that, in the beginning man could not live in it—Upon the Peak of San Rafael chanced to be a solitary Coyote—How he came there they do not attempt to explain—Perchance a feather, wafted by the wind, lodged upon a lofty rock of the Peake—behind which rock the Coyote was accustomed to lie screened from the piercing wind—The feather, by the mysterious agency of the Great Prince of Goodness, became an Eagle—The two, Coyote & Eagle lived in great intimacy—In process of time, among other productions, they chanced to manufacture an Indian—Being peculiarly pleased with this rare product of their united genius they bent their attention to the manufacture and improvement of the species—The early indians of the New World were amphibious, hence the natives suppose that the Kanaka is the purest species of mankind; because they pass so large a portion of their life in the water—They were accustomed easily to swim from one of the above named Islands to the other; & they subsisted chiefly on fish—The waters gradually subsided from the territory of California, & the dry land began to appear—As the land increased, the Indians multiplied, till they filled the land—At the Straits called the Golden Gate, they are particular to remember, (& this is doubtless almost the only truth in their traditionary history) there was no outlet, but dry land extended quite across from Saucelito<sup>1</sup>—They say there was an outlet of the interior waters at Russian River, & another near San Jose—They chronicle a great Earthquake, which opened the great Golden Gate, & thereby drained the great vallies of the Interior After this great event transpired the Indians multiplied rapidly till they filled the land—They entertain no traditionary reason whatever for the confusion of tongues; & it is truly mysterious that such an almost infinite variety of entire & distinct languages should have found existence on the Pacific coast—

Yount remained almost entirely out of touch with the world during his first five years in Napa Valley and had no news of his family. The few foreigners had filtered in principally by way of Oregon. In 1841 came the Bidwell-Bartleson party, the first immigrants to cross the Sierras. With them was Joseph B. Chiles of Kentucky and Missouri, who returned east in '42 taking with him news of Yount for Yount's family in Missouri and a commission to bring the family out with him on his return. We may see by the dictated narrative of William Baldrige (Calif. MS, D. 36, Bancroft Library, pp. 3-4) how well Chiles executed this trust:

<sup>1</sup>—Geological and biological evidence does not support this tradition. The Golden Gate must have been formed long before the Indians came to North America. A river channel extends out of the Gate, several miles off shore, to the edge of the continental shelf. Small mammals have become differentiated into subspecies on opposite sides of the present waterway.

[The] two daughters, Frances, who was then married to Bartlett Vines, and Elizabeth, a young girl of sixteen years of age made ready and joined the party, of sixteen men, to start May 30th 1843, The outfit consisted of three waggons drawn by mule teams, and a number of riding animals. All being ready they left the frontiers with high spirits but much anxiety, for a seven month's journey through a pathless, country to a little known home in the west, They made (they made) the trip however with very little adventure, with the Indians, about the only thing of note being, an arrow wound in the breast, while on guard one night of Milton Little, which gave him much suffering, for a year or two when the point was extracted.

On arriving at Owens's Lake, they found that, their beasts were not equal to their burdons, and discarded the wagons and packed their mules with such as was most needful to them, Being unable to bring [the flour mill] machinery any farther they cached their supply in the sand, hoping to return for them at some future time, but as the Spanish people lived on beans and beef, and built their homes of adobe, there was little need of mills, and the iron remained in its hiding place until the year 1860, when it was found with great surprise by the miners, prospecting for gold. Shortly after arriving in California Colonel Chiles obtained from the government a three leagues of land in Napa Co. now known as Childs [Chiles] Valley upon which Mr Baldridge and himself gave their attention to stock raising which they continued with much profit to themselves until the Mexican War.

By 1846 the Americans in California had become sufficiently numerous to take governmental affairs into their own hands. Yount preserved neutrality during the Bear Flag trouble and "acted the part of a mediator . . . having never held any public office [he] shared the confidence of both parties" and his house was kept open "for the relief of both the suffering American and the Mexican" (Clark, MS a).

In the middle of January, 1847, came the first news of the fearful plight of the Donner Party. Yount, Vallejo and others subscribed a sum of five hundred dollars and fitted out a relief party in charge of the trapper Britain Greenwood. This expedition, known as the "Second Relief" succeeded in bringing out a number of the sufferers from the mountains in the dead of winter.<sup>1</sup>

Yount is said to have had a dream which prompted him to despatch the relief. It is the recollection of Mrs. Bucknall and of Mrs. Frank Lewis of Santa Cruz, one of the few members of the Donner Party now living, that Yount's dream was instrumental in causing the relief party to be sent out. Ban-

<sup>1</sup>—cf. Eliza P. Donner Houghton, *The Expedition of the Donner Party*, Chicago, 1911.

croft, however, doubts the story and Mrs. Watson makes no mention of it. The Clark MS contains merely an allusion to the dream. Certain it is that members of the Donner Party had arrived in Sutter's Fort before Greenwood reached San Francisco and Yount perhaps had heard in some vague way of the starving party in the mountains before he had his dream. The Rev. Horace Bushnell (**Nature and the Supernatural**, N. Y., 1858, pp. 475-476) gives an account of the circumstances as he claimed to have heard them from Yount. Yount himself was apparently convinced that it was his dream that gave the relief party their guidance.

Mrs. Lewis, who was Martha Jane Reed, "Patty" Reed, a girl eight years old in 1846, says that her father, James Frazer Reed, went from San Francisco to Napa in December to get equipment for the relief of his family in the mountains. He was surprised to find preparations already in progress at the Yount Ranch and still more so when Mr. Yount told him that the supplies were being brought together because of a dream that he had had a short time before. When Reed told Yount of the plight of his party Yount exclaimed: "My God, Mr. Reed, that's an interpretation of my dream! I saw a body of water, a caravan with women and children all just as thin as they could be. There was one tall woman with many children. Mr. Reed, it must have been your wife. I have ordered my men to drive in young steers and sheep and to make flour; 600 pounds of meat and 400 of flour is now ready. I'm carrying out my dream."

All five of the Reed family were rescued from the mountains and were taken to Yount's Ranch where they were given quarters for some time and treated in a most generous manner.

We include the following account of the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1847, at Yount's ranch, from the Autobiography of Major Stephen Cooper (**History of Howard and Cooper Counties, Missouri**, St. Louis, 1883, pp. 152-156):

We struck the Sacramento Valley on the 5th of October, 1846. That winter I stopped at Yount's ranche in Napa valley—a man who, in my opinion did more for the early immigrants of California than all the Sutters ever did. . . .

On the 4th of July, 1847 George Yount and myself gave the first public 4th of July dinner ever given in California. We had a large turn out, and everything passed off pleasantly; I still have the flag improvised for the occasion. It has the stripes of our national flag,



with a lone star, and the inscription, "California is ours as long as the stars remain"

From the time when immigration from the States began Yount found increasing difficulties with squatters on his property. His land was being taken, his goods and produce stolen and his stock gradually run off. Finally he had recourse to law and, in 1855-60, after a painfully long period of litigation he recovered most of his possessions. In 1855 Clark records (MS a, pp. 109-110):

His lands are cultivated with remarkable success—From Four to Eight Hundred acres of Wheat annually is the product of his farm—Two Hundred Hogs, seven Hundred Sheep. Five Hundred Horses & Two Thousand head of Horned Cattle, until the intrusions of squatters, have been the number of his flocks & herds—One year ago, he marked & turned off into his pastures, Seven Hundred Calves, the productive annual increase from his herd of Cows—His vineyard yields him annually Two Hundred Gallons of Wine, & his Orchards & gardens are studded with fruit trees of every kind—His fig trees yield him two crops annually—All these are the proofs of his industry & enterprize; & the products of them all are consecrated to the rendering of others happy— . . . his was the first Flouring-mill in California—That mill having grown old, & worn by long use & service, within the last year, he has rebuilt it upon an enlarged scale, & is now able to boast of the best & most productive mill in the state—It has four runs of stones, & he has spared neither toil nor expense to render it perfect as can be made in the country—The writer once chanced to be present, on an occasion when it was discovered that all his large crop of Peaches, of the last season, had been stolen & carried away, in a single Sunday's night; & it was then that he witnessed an exhibition of genuine philosophy—Yount had doated on that crop of Peaches—Many of the trees were loaded to bend quite down to the earth, & he had cultivated them with great care & dilligent labor—But he only said, "I can bear the loss, although I could not endure the stings of that man's guilty conscience, who has gone with his load of stolen fruit to the market—It is hard thus to lose my labor & its fruits; & that they should go into the hands of a man too lazy & indolent to cultivate & raise the fruit, although he has stolen the use of my best land, is harder still—

We may here notice the remarks of Nicolas Carriger (Cal. MS, E 65 [No. 6], Bancroft Library, pp. 5-6) who visited Yount in the fall of 1846 or thereabouts:

From Woolscale's farm<sup>1</sup> we went to Napa Valley where we stopped at the flour mill of Mr Yont; said mill was run with an over-shot wheel and turned out excellent flour, by way of remark I will observe that Mr Yont is or was an excellent man, a good citizien, kind to

<sup>1</sup>—Probably the ranch of William Wolfskill's brother, "Uncle John", on Putah Creek, at the present station of Wolfskill in Solano County.

every body, well liked by white men and indians, and always ready to extend the hand of friendship to the new comers; in fact he was, what may be called a kind father to every poor man; . . .

Yount was married again in 1855 to Mrs. Gashwiler, who made his home "a charming place" where he passed the rest of his days in contentment. He died at Caymus Rancho, October 5, 1865, aged seventy-one years and five months, and was buried with Masonic honors in the cemetery at Yountville, where a monument has been raised, sculptured to represent his life as a hunter and agriculturist.

A brief account of his last days and the honor in which he was held may be found in the volume by the Rev. J. L. Ver Mehr, entitled **Checkered Life** (S. F., 1877, Chapter 28).

Other accounts of Yount's life are contained in Bancroft's Pioneer Index (**History of California**, vol. 5); the **Hesperian [Magazine]** S. F., vol. 2, March 1859); the **Napa Register**, (October 1865, quoted in the **Wilmington Journal**, vol. 1, no. 49, Oct. 21, 1865); C. A. Menefee's **Sketch Book of Napa, Sonoma, Lake and Mendocino [Counties]** (Napa, 1873, pp. 125-127). A statement of Yount's career contained in Revere, **Tour of Duty in California**, (N. Y., 1849, pp. 93-94) appears to be largely erroneous. Eldredge, **History of California**, (vol. 2, opp. p. 324) publishes a portrait taken from the original daguerrotype now in the possession of Mrs. Bucknall.

George Yount was a prominent Mason, being one of the organizers and the first treasurer of Yount Lodge No. 12, Napa City (Edwin A. Sherman, **Fifty Years of Masonry in California**, S. F., 1897, p. 124). Yount was baptized a Catholic at San Rafael in 1835. The priest named him Jorge Concepcion. He bequeathed a church at Yountville to be used by all denominations, and his funeral was conducted by an Episcopalian minister, so he could scarcely have been called a sectarian.

Charles L. Camp.

## THE FAMILY OF GEORGE C. YOUNT

From a chart in my trans-Alleghany MS collection, I find that George C. Yount, by his first wife, Eliza Cambridge Wilds, "of Kentucky," whom he married in 1818, had three children, Robert W., Frances, and Elizabeth, as follows:

I. Robert W. Yount, born 1819, married Pamela S. Grigsby, and died in 1846. By her, he had one child, Elizabeth, who married Thomas L. Rutherford, after whom the town of Rutherford, Napa County, is named.

II. Frances Yount, born 1821, married William Bartlett Vines, they coming from Missouri in 1843 with the Walker-Chiles party. Of this marriage, there was issue, two daughters, and a son, George Yount Vines.

III. Elizabeth Ann Yount, born 1826, married (1), at San Jose, 1844, John Calvert Davis; married (2), at San Francisco, 1850, Eugene L. Sullivan, state senator, collector of the port of San Francisco, author of the bill creating Golden Gate Park. There were three children by the first marriage, and two by the second, as follows:

(1) Mary Eliza Davis, born 1845, married Dr. George J. Bucknall, of San Francisco, surgeon-general on the staff of Governor Newton Booth. One of their daughters is the wife of Fred S. Myrtle, well known San Francisco newspaperman, and the other was the wife of Frederick Marriott, publisher of the **San Francisco News Letter**.

(2) Elizabeth Ann Davis, born 1847, married William C. Watson, one of the founders of the Bank of Napa and state bank examiner. Their daughter, Maud Watson, married Thomas-B. Dozier, an eminent San Francisco lawyer, and their son, Erwin Yount Dozier, a descendant in the fourth degree from the pioneer stirps, George C. Yount, was a second lieutenant in France in the World War.

(3) John Calvert George Frederick Davis, born 1849, married Margarethe Claus. He was educated in Germany as a mining engineer, but never practiced. One of their daughters, Daisy Anna Davis, married Horace Crabb, an extensive vineyardist, of Napa County, and another, Susie Frances Davis, married Dr. Stephen Maynard, of San Jose.

(4) Charles Edward Sullivan, born 1851, died young.

(5) Georgina Frances Sullivan, born 1853, married John P. Jones, for many years United States Senator from Nevada. Of their three children, Alice married Frederick MacMonnies, sculptor, of New York and Paris; Marion married Robert D. Farquhar, architect, of Los Angeles, designer of Festival Hall at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition; Georgina Frances married Robert Walton.

It will be noticed that all of the present descendants of George C. Yount trace to him on the distaff side.

It may be of some interest to add that I have data in my collections indicating that Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who descends from North Carolina Younts, is of the same family as George C. Yount, a native of Burke County, North Carolina.

Boutwell Dunlap.



## DOCUMENTARY

[From Mr. Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts. This translation and the reply given below are in the same clerical handwriting.]

### Letter from Genl. Castro.

#### Translation

Office of the Commanding General of Upper California.

The undersigned, Commanding General of this Department, has the honor to address you, asking explanations upon the conduct observed by Captain Fremont; who without the formalities established among civilized nations, invades this country with his force, operating against its National and Private interests, taking possession of the Military Post of Sonoma; where he has made prisoners of the Colonel Commanding that post, Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo; Lieut Colonel Don Victor Prudon; Captain Don Salvadore Vallejo; and Mr. Jacoba Leese. These scandalous and unwarrantable offences (atenhados) place me under the necessity of waiting an answer from you, certain that the undersigned will behold with pleasure whatever that may be.

God and Liberty. Head Quarters  
Santa Clara June 17th, 1846.

Signed

JOSE CASTRO.

A literal translation by

Signed

WASHG. A. BARTLETT.

Lieut. U. S. Navy.

To/

Senor Commander

of the Ship of War of the U. S. of America

Anchored in the Port of St. Francisco.

#### Reply

U. S. Ship Portsmouth

Bay of San Francisco

Anchorage of Sau Solito June 18th. 1846

The undersigned Commander of the United States Ship Portsmouth, has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of General Don Jose Castro's communication of yesterday which was handed to him late last evening, and in reply begs leave to

assure General Castro of his entire conviction, that Captain J. C. Fremont of the United States Topographical Engineers, whose visit to California has reference only, to scientific researches, is in no manner whatever, either by authority of the United States Government or otherwise; connected with the Political movement of residents of the country, at Sonoma.

The undersigned feels pleasure in communicating to General Don Jose Castro, that at the instance of General Don Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, thro' his Messenger Don Jose de la Rosa, an officer of the United States Ship Portsmouth was promptly despatched with overtures to the Chief of the party in possession of Sonoma, in behalf of the families of the captured officers, and other defenceless inhabitants with a view to their protection from injury in their persons, property, and privileges; and is happy to inform General Castro, that on the arrival of the deputed officer at Sonoma, so far from the Anarchy and disorder which seemed to have been apprehended by General Vallejo, he found the most perfect order and quietude prevailing throughout the place, and that in no instance had there been on the part of the Captors—a deviation from the most delicate regard for the happiness and protection of all.

The undersigned, feels constrained to avail himself of the opportunity now presented, to express to General Don Jose Castro, his unfeigned surprise that the Commanding General of Upper California, whose facilities for obtaining correct information concerning events, transpiring within the Department, under his own immediate observation: is naturally inferred; should by any means, this second time, have fallen into error, respecting the designs and operations of a scientific party, whose approach to the vicinity of Monterey in March last, had been preceded by a visit and explanation from Captain Fremont, to General Castro and the Authorities of Monterey (as I am credibly informed) which appeared at the time, perfectly satisfactory; illiciting (a direct, or implied assent on their part, to the prosecution of Captain Fremonts peaceful designs.

The undersigned, Commander of the United States Ship Portsmouth, with all due respect for the high station of General Don Jose Castro, begs leave to remark, that under the circumstances above stated, he is constrained to regard the belliger-

ant demonstrations, made against the scientific party of Captain Fremont in March last, as wholly gratuitous on the part of General Castro, having no plea of necessity, or expediency even, for its justification; and furthermore, professes himself wholly at a loss to understand upon what ground the Commanding General of California, predicates the unqualified assumption of the co-operation of an Officer of the United States Army, in the recent transactions at Sonoma: thereby impugning the integrity of the United States Government.

The undersigned, concludes by expressing the supposition, that General Castro may possibly have overlooked the implication named, in the next preceeding paragraph; and regrets very much, that the tenor of his communication of yesterday, to which this is a reply: had not been restricted alone, to the simple inquiry, respecting the position of Captain Fremont in the premises, leaving out the slanderous imputations so copiously bestowed by the Commanding General of Upper California upon that officer.

Signed

JNO. B. MONTGOMERY.

To/

Don Jose Castro  
Commanding General of the  
Department of Upper California.



[Mr. Crocker's Sloat Manuscripts.]  
[Original.]

### Rising of Foreigners at the Pueblo of St José—Company from Oregon, &c &c

[July 12, 1846]

Sir—

I can send an express whenever you wish the roads are becoming more safe, in particular after being 40 miles North of this. With the exception of putting in writing any information, the other party could use against you, I recommend to write in any mode you please, and explain yourself—to Capt Montgomery, in full.

I suppose Captain Fremont entered the pueblo to day. 40 Foreigners yesterday in that town wanted to hoist a flag, but had no Bunting—seven men have reached the Sacramento,

from the Origon leaving their party 100 young men in the rear, coming in, they had heard that the Foreigners was to rise in California I will be on board by 12—

Yours &c &c.

THOMAS O. LARKIN

Com J. D. Sloat  
Comr &c &c



[Larkin Documents IV, 233, Bancroft Library.]  
[Original.]

[Letter from Thomas O. Larkin to Jacob P. Leese concerning  
the arrest and imprisonment of the latter.]

Monterey July 29 1846  
at Night

Mr Jacob P. Leace  
Sir—

This morning I rec'd letters from Don M. G. Vallejo and Sen Prudon. also the representation of the former to Com<sup>o</sup> Sloat. which in a Boat I carried out to sea some miles, the Com<sup>o</sup> having left the Port in the Levant for home. on reading the letter to him I returned with it to Commodore — Stockton, and did not have the translation before sun set—enclusing the two letters to myself—during this time—I hurried Mr John Murphy off to inform you that two days past a Courier was dispatched to Captain Montgomery with orders to have you released, and I wanted Mr Murphy to return here immediately in case the orders of Com<sup>o</sup> Stockton was not complied with—that others may be forwarded. As the first orders may not reach, or the Person in charge may not act as directed. I now send the com<sup>o</sup> orders again to Captain Montgomery to give immediate release to you all, also the Com<sup>o</sup> letter to Don Guadelupe, which goes first to the Portsmouth thence direct to you by my Courier engaged by me for the purpose. having no other business but see Don G. and return to me with the result of his mission. should you not be clear before you receive this—I can rest assured you will from the second orders.

You may believe I commiserated your situation—I engaged Mr Murphy on Don G. expence to go direct to your place of confinement to know your state—and whether believed or not. as I suppose on raising our flag you would all enjoy



its protection. the letter of Sor Vallejo was well wrote, mild, firm and respectfull and fully to the purpose. the Comr rec'd the English copy on board at sunset. and by 9 this night sent his Secretary to me with the letters I now send. As he was to sail tomorrow and myself to be gone 25 or 30 days. I asked him to answer Don G. letter before we left—you will see his anxiety by his dispatch. should things not go as they ought Mr. Murphy can first return to Capt. Montgomery then to Capt Mervine in command of Monterey—I think yourself and Don G. would do well to see Commodore Stockton soon.

It is not for me to question the motives of those who made you Prisoners. as I knew nothing about them. nor did I say more to Messr Fremont and Gillespie than I could not understand your imprisonment. and thought you would be put at large at the time. you will show this letter to Don G, and those interested—the safety to your persons—and vast increase of property here after to you, I hope will in a manner compensate for the actual amount in property you may have lost by your absence your personal sufferings is another thing—the where and the wherefore of it all—I suppose the Authors will in proper time give with their reasons & motives—That you all may safely return and find your Families well is the wish as you have not seen the proclamation I now send it of your &c &c

THOMAS O. LARKIN



[Larkin Documents IV, 252, Bancroft Library.]  
[Original.]

[Letter from Jacob P. Leese to Thomas O. Larkin in which the former acknowledges the services of Mr. Larkin in effecting his release from prison.]

Sonoma August 12th 1846.

Thomas O Larkin Esquire

My Dear. Sir

I hav the pleasure once moor to pass you a few lines to inform you that I am in the Bosom of my familey, after having been seperated from them by the and unjust Cause and for which reason I am not able to inform you as yet, I received your kind Letter to me of the 29th of last month, and

through which I am Perfectly sattisfyed that you hav been My Liberator in this Cause and for which all i can say in a Declaratiton to you that (Proven Friends is never to be For-gotten.) I should be happy to say moor to you but hav hopes to see you shorteley—Dear Larkin you know you hav a friend here and moor so know than ever at your Command, also the same with my family which will never be for gotten I do here close to you say excuse the few lines, and receive the best Respects from my Wife and familey to Mrs. T. O Larkin and the same from your Friend and Well Wisher And

Am Sir yours & Truley

JACOB P. LEESE

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Laws for the Better Government of California, "The Preservation of Order, and the Protection of the Rights of the Inhabitants," during the Military Occupation of the Country by the Forces of the United States. By Authority of R. B. Mason, Col. 1st Drags. & Governor. San Francisco: Published by S. Brannan, 1848. 68pp. 8<sup>o</sup>.

This document, which is of most unusual importance and of great historic value, appeared in the catalogue of the American Library of the late William H. Winters, whose collection was dispersed in the Anderson Galleries in New York, March 8 and 9. Mr. Winters was formerly librarian of the New York Law Institute, and it would be of much interest to know when, and from what source this tract came into his possession. But that dim trail is doubtless lost.

The cataloguer states that this is "apparently the only known copy," and his deduction would seem to be entirely sound. It has heretofore been unrecorded by all bibliographers, and unnoticed by all historians except Hubert Howe Bancroft who mentions it in the abstract only, and from no positive knowledge of its definite existence.

It is not "the first book printed in San Francisco," for the "Laws of the Town of San Francisco: San Francisco, Printed at the office of the Californian, 1847," antedates it by an entire year. This latter work is a tract of eight pages only, and while the former pamphlet has sixty-eight pages, the difference is scarcely sufficient to dignify it as a "book." It therefore is the **second** work printed in San Francisco.

The title-page bears an inscription in the autograph of Capt. Joseph L. Folsom, who at that time under Governor Mason was Assistant Quartermaster and Collector of Customs for San Francisco. This inscription, wholly autographic and signed, has been transcribed by the cataloguer to read "Act published in consequence of the news of peace. J. L. Folsom." This is an innocent and natural error on the part of the cataloguer, and is entirely due to his unfamiliarity with the handwriting of Captain Folsom. The correct reading of that inscription is, **Not published in consequence of the news of peace. J. L. Folsom.** This fact does not affect in any way the rarity or

importance of this item, but it does alter radically its historical significance.

The following letter written by Governor Mason to L. W. Hastings would seem to establish fully the above fact.

Headquarters Tenth Military Department,  
New Helvetia, October 24, 1848.

Sir; Your communication of the 18th has been duly received; but the one of the 2d ultimo, therein mentioned, has never come to hand. I had prepared a code of laws, and a judicial organization; and, although they were sent to the press in due season, I did not succeed in getting them printed before I received official notification of the ratification of the treaty of peace between the two republics, owing to the stopping of the presses upon the discovery of the gold mines, &c.

As I am very certain that Congress has already organized a territorial government for California, and that we shall now, in the course of a very short time, receive the official intelligence of the appointment of the civil officers, a proper organization could not be put in operation now before we receive the new government.

I am well aware of the want in California of a regular organized government, and I have every reason to believe we shall have it in the course of a very short time. . . . .

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. B. MASON,  
Colonel 1st Dragoons, Governor of California.

L. W. Hastings,  
Coloma, California.

[Message from the President of the United States, communicating Information called for by a resolution of the Senate of the 17th instant, in relation to California and New Mexico. January 24, 1850. 31st Cong., 1st sess. Sen. Rep. Com. No. 18, p. 653.]

The document accordingly while printed was neither published nor used, and was doubtless suppressed, which with other existing factors would account for its superlative rarity. In his official capacity Captain Folsom received this copy which in some way has come down to us. Its present and final disposition is in the Henry E. Huntington Library.

Robert Ernest Cowan.



## AUCTION SALES OF CALIFORNIANA

Western material has long held attractive features for certain collectors, but the scope of the subject and the activities of collecting this class of Americana have in recent years been greatly developed. Material relating to the Great West is being drawn forth from every known existing source and placed upon the market. The supply however is not inexhaustible, and many of these items although perhaps not unknown are so scarce that the entire available number is quite insufficient for the purposes of the collector.

There is a considerable discussion at this time of the prevailing prices that have been realized in the auction rooms. Some of these prices appear extravagantly high, and others are obviously absurd. The latter class needs no comment, for the discriminating and intelligent collector (and most of them are such) forms his own conclusions and establishes his own standards.

Of the prices of the former class—those which appear extravagantly high—there is much to be said, but space does not permit discussion. Certain Eastern Americana have commanded high prices for more than a half century and the book-world has not been staggered. But when Western material gradually approaches its own estate and realizes values which by Eastern comparison are as yet merely fractional, the book-world receives a shock that leaves it stunned and gasping.

The fact is that the blind side of the book-world has been turned to Western Americana and that a lack of imagination always has been a broad feature in the poverty of human limitations.

**Literature of the West. Duplicates from the Library of Henry E. Huntington.**

This sale was held at the Anderson Auction Galleries, Jan. 8-10, and included 1014 lots. Many of these works were of much scarcity, and some were rare, although generally known by bibliographers. The prices realized were good, and some new records were established. A few lots appear to have brought indifferent prices so far as present prevailing values are concerned, but this probably may be traced to the condition of such individual items rather than to the apathy of the bidders.

Some of these results are given. An account of California and the Wonderful Gold Region, Boston [1849], \$87.50; Barnum, *The Traveller's Guide, Great Barrington*, 1847, \$190.00; *Constitution of the State of California*, San Francisco (Alta Office), 1849, \$250.00; *Reminiscences of Travel, 1852-65* [Middletown, n. d.], \$75.00; Truman, *Life, Adventures, and Capture of Tiburcio Vasquez, the great California Bandit and Murderer*, Los Angeles, 1874, \$62.50; Hawes, *The Missions in California*, S. F., 1856 (being an argument on a Mexican land claim), \$125.00; La Reintrie, *The Other Side (of the Limantour claim)*, S. F., 1858, \$72.50; Carson, *Early Recollections of the Mines, and a Description of the Great Tulare Valley*, Stockton, 1852 (being the first book printed at that place), \$470.00; Clarke, *Travels in Mexico and California*, Boston, 1852, \$135.00 (appears to be a record price); Delevan, *Notes on California and the Placers*, New York, 1850, \$120.00; Elliot, *the Presidio of San Francisco* [Washington, 1874], (privately printed), \$125.00; Fedix, *L'Oregon et les Côtes de l'Océan Pacifique du Nord*, Paris, 1846, \$57.50; Gibbes, *New Map of the Gold Region in California*, Stockton, Cal., 1851, \$70.00; Hastings, *A New Description of Oregon and California*, Cincinnati, 1849, \$130.00; *Murder of M. V. B. Griswold, by Five Chinese Assassins*, Jackson, Cal., 1858, \$120.00; Johnson and Winter, *Route Across the Rocky Mountains*, Lafayette, Ind., 1846, \$310.00; Junta de Fomento de Californias, Mexico, 1827, \$710.00; Kip, *The Indian Council in the Valley of the Walla-Walla*, San Francisco, 1855 (privately printed), \$210.00; Leonard, *Narrative of the Adventures of, Clearfield, Pa.*, 1839, \$1700.00; Lewis and Clark, *Message from the President of the U. S., communicating discoveries made in exploring the Missouri, Red River and Washita*, Washington, 1806, with the map, \$192.50; Mercer, *Washington Territory*, Utica, 1865, \$200.00; *Miner's Progress*, Sacramento, 1853, \$50.00; Pratt, *Proclamation Extraordinary (to the Mormons, printed in Spanish and English)*, San Francisco, 1852, \$250.00; Kelly, *Second Directory of Nevada Territory*, Virginia, 1863, \$70.00; Oregon, *Statutes passed by the Legislative Assembly, at the Second Session, Dec. 2, 1850*, Oregon City, 1851, \$155.00; [Ortega] *Apostolicos Afanes de la Campaña de Jesus*, Barcelona, 1754, \$100.00; Palou, *Noticias de la Nueva California*, San Francisco, 1874, \$142.50; Pattie, *Personal Narrative*, Cincinnati, 1831 (the very rare first edition and the first copy to be offered at auction), \$360.00; Pike, *An Account of a Voyage up the Mississippi River, in 1805 and 1806 (with map)*, [n. p. n. d.],

\$400.00; Reid, Reid's Tramp . . . Ten Months' Travel Through Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Sonora, and California, Selma, Ala., 1858, \$600.00; Sage, Scenes in the Rocky Mountains and in Oregon, California, New Mexico, Texas, and the Grand Prairies (with map), Philadelphia, 1846, \$110.00; San Francisco, Proceedings of the Town Council, 1849-50 (parts II, III and IV), San Francisco (Alta Office), 1849-50, \$240.00; Sherwood, California: and the Way to get there, New York, 1848, \$125.00; Simpson, Three Weeks in the Gold Mines (with map), New York, 1848, \$140.00; Stewart, Last of the Fillibusters, Sacramento, 1857, \$90.00; Street, California in 1850, Cincinnati, 1851, \$170.00; Vallejo, Comunicaciones, Sonoma 1837-1839 (set of six documents), \$360.00; Dimsdale, Vigilantes of Montana, Virginia City, M. T., 1866, \$100.00; Wadsworth, The National Wagon Road Guide, San Francisco, 1858, \$290.00; Walton, Facts from the Gold Regions, Boston, 1849, \$180.00; Wierzbicki, California as it is, and as it may be, San Francisco, 1849, first edition, \$280.00; same, second edition, \$350.00; Wilkes, History of Oregon, New York, 1845, \$135.00; Wyeth, Oregon, Cambridge, 1833, \$215.00.

**Historical Americana relating to California and the West collected by Mr. H. C. Holmes of Berkeley, Cal. American Art Association, Jan. 9, 1923.** 678 lots (of which about 400 were Western Americana).

Most of the prices realized were quite consistent with the present market. A few items of great rarity, although probably not unique, appeared for the first time in the auction room.

History of the Hunt Family, Boston, 1890, \$80.00; California Murder Trial. Life and Confessions of James Gilbert Jenkins, the Murderer of Eighteen Men, Napa City, 1864, \$60.00; The Pioneer, or Cal. Monthly Magazine, San Francisco, 1854-1855, \$197.50; San Francisco Almanac for the Year 1859, San Francisco (Herrick and Hoogs) [1858], \$130.00; Walsh's Humorist, A Chronicle of Life in California, Vols. I and II, San Francisco, 1861-1862, \$610.00; History of Idaho Territory, San Francisco, 1884, \$42.50; Pickett, Gwinism in California, San Francisco (ca. 1860), (a Lincoln item), \$67.50; Pico, A los Californios, San Francisco, 1860 (a Lincoln item), \$57.50; Nevada newspaper, The Daily State Register, Vol. I, No. 1-Vol. III, No. 56, Carson City, Nevada, 1870-1872, \$400.00; Oregon, Biographical Sketch of James Clark Strong, Los Gatos, Cal., 1910, \$42.50; Overland Mail, Rules and Regulations for the

Government of Officers and Employees of the C. O. C. & P. P. Express Co., Saint Joseph, Mo., 1861, \$205.00; Overland Mail, Charter of the Holladay Overland Mail and Express Co., New York, 1866, \$170.00; Overland Mail, Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Co., N. Y. [n. d.], an original folder, \$140.00; Overland Mail Co., Articles of, established 1857, New York, 1860, \$210.00; Tuttle, Six Months on the Plains, Chicago, 1868, \$80.00; Washington Territory, Walla Walla Country Directory, Walla Walla, W. T., 1881, \$55.00; Western Railroad Broadside, Completion of the Pacific Railroad Celebration, Salt Lake City, May 10, 1869, \$400.00.

**Far West and Gateway Literature, Feb. 5 and 6, Anderson Auction Galleries. 704 lots.**

Some of these lots had not been offered in recent years, and a few were of much importance as well as rarity. Bilson, *The Hunters of Kentucky*, New York, 1847, \$140.00; Bolduc, *Mission de la Colombie*, Quebec [1843], \$220.00; Bolduc, Same, *Deuxième Lettre et Journal*, Quebec, 1845, \$405.00; Rathgeber für Auswanderer nach Californien, Bremen, 1849, \$80.00; Riley, *Proclamation to the People of California*, June 3, 1849, Broadside, \$500.00; Riley, Original Manuscript "Proclamation to the People of California of the District of San Francisco, June 4, 1849, \$500.00; Thirty-six years of a Seafaring Life, Portsea, 1839, \$130.00; Velasco, *Noticias del Sonora (y California)*, Mexico, 1850, \$305.00; Vischer, *Missions of Upper California*, San Francisco, 1872, \$125.00; Zakreski and Hartmann, Latest Map of the Mining District and Bay of San Francisco, San Francisco, 1851, \$110.00; California Railroads, George, Our Land and Land Policy, San Francisco, 1871, \$150.00; Hastings, *The Emigrant's Guide to Oregon and California*, Cincinnati, 1845, \$520.00; Linforth, *Route from Liverpool to Great Salt Lake Valley*, Liverpool, 1855, \$102.50; Merrill, *The Northern Route to Idaho: and the Pacific Ocean*, St. Paul [1864], \$230.00; Maguire, *Historical Sketch and Essay on the Resources of Montana*, including a Business Directory of the Metropolis, Helena, 1868, \$390.00; Oregon, Brown's Salem Directory, Salem, 1871, \$125.00. There were also numerous items relating to early Utah, and to the early Western Railroads, some of which were of very unusual occurrence. Several of these established new records of values.

Robert Ernest Cowan.



## REVIEWS OF RECENT CALIFORNIA BOOKS

Argonauts of '49. History and Adventures of the Emigrant Companies from Massachusetts, 1849-1850. By Octavius Thorndike Howe. Cambridge: (Harvard University Press) 1923. Pls. 221pp. 8°.

In all ages and under all colors the "Gentleman Adventurer" was a picturesque figure, and no less picturesque was that part of the innumerable company which journeyed toward the golden Mecca of '49—California.

In his "Argonauts of '49" Mr. Howe has set forth fairly and clearly the history of the many companies of these gentlemen-adventurers formed and outfitted in the good old state of Massachusetts. The gold excitement was definite and great, but the venturing was vague and uncertain. Companies were formed for protection, socialistic purposes and profit-sharing. They were regularly organized and were under some form of constitution and by-laws.

The journey was long, the hardships were severe and the difficulties were great. It was only the adventurous spirits who went forth upon this "splendid wayfaring." The timid remained behind to give advice and to dream. Those who ultimately reached California and the mines were a veritable survival of the fittest.

The long journey "round the Horn" took from five to six months in the greasy slow-going hulks of that day, frequently with fever and cholera aboard; beaten back, becalmed or storm-driven; with a scarcity of food and water, and the deadly ennui of the intolerable monotony of life and association in close quarters which bred dissatisfaction, and sometimes culminated in mutiny.

The journey across the plains by northern or southern route was but little better. There was more freedom, but to the fever and cholera there were added the blinding storms; the swollen dangerous rivers; famine; and the arrow of the hostile Indian. Nothing was gained in time for it took also six months to plow across the prairies behind the old "bull-teams."

The Panama and Chagres routes were equally difficult and deadly.

The author has gone most interestingly into the many details of the organization of these companies and of their subsequent histories. Few of them survived, for the long and tedious voyage with its enforced inactivity and its too close daily association, tended to disruption rather than to consolidation. Most of these companies disbanded when San Francisco was reached.

One of the most elaborately organized and extensively equipped of these companies was the "Boston and California Joint Stock Mining and Trading Company." This was also the first regularly organized company to sail from Boston bound for California. The vessel was the "Edward Everett," and there were 150 men in the company. "The company was the best organized and most representative of any that left Massachusetts during the gold excitement. It consisted of one clergyman, four doctors, eight whaling captains, a mineralogist, a geologist, fifteen professional men, including medical and divinity students, a number of merchants, manufacturers, and seventy-six mechanics." A truly miscellaneous assemblage; and that lone clergyman is somehow reminiscent of the half-penny's worth of bread found among the other items in the accounts of the slumbering Falstaff. Whether or not the theological students lent moral support is not recorded, but the tedium of the voyage appears to have been disastrous, for the author entertainingly comments upon their ultimate fall from grace.

The outfits and supplies carried were equally strangely assorted and Mr. Howe has given highly interesting details concerning these features. The "Edward Everett" carried a library of about 300 volumes. Some of these companies were advertised as carrying no spirituous liquors, whereas others were abundantly supplied. All of them seem to have carried chewing tobacco, for according to the author "it was estimated that the stock of chewing tobacco in San Francisco in 1850 was sufficient to supply every inhabitant of the city for sixty-five years."

In an "Appendix," Mr. Howe has given an abstract of the histories of 124 of these vessels carrying mining company adventurers that sailed from ports in Massachusetts in 1849. The entire work reflects much consistent thought and represents an extensive and careful research. The volume is extremely readable and should be most acceptable to the investigator and collector of the pioneer history of California.

One error—an inadvertence or misapprehension—invites correction. In his introduction the author refers to the discovery of gold in California as having occurred "on January 19, 1848." This error in the date, which long persisted, was settled definitely and finally by John S. Hittell, as being January 24, 1848. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Hittell's researches were published in 1893, it took our California legislature twenty-five years to realize that fact, for it was not until 1919 that that body in an official act recognized the date of January 24, 1848. In these circumstances we would suspend the statute of limitations and grant Mr. Howe an unconditional pardon, with sincerely grateful feelings that he has given us a book both entirely worthy and acceptable.

Robert Ernest Cowan.

**Autobiography and Memorial of Jacob Detweiler, 1922. [Privately printed.]** Port. 20pp. 4<sup>o</sup>.

The author, a later Argonaut, having arrived in California in 1854, was one of that great body which has left a lasting impress upon this State.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1833, he received a common school education, but as he himself says amid "unfavorable conditions." He was fourteen years old in 1847 when his father died. After the estate was settled his experiences were various until 1854 when he started for California by the Panama route. There were the usual discomforts, and the passage to San Francisco was made in the "Oregon," commanded by Captain Hudson, and with 1500 passengers aboard. Among the general inconveniences were several cases of cholera, and a fire which occurred in the vessel's hold. The steamer was saved, not by its captain but by a passenger, Commodore Watkins, a retired naval officer.

On arriving at San Francisco, Mr. Detweiler started for Stockton and the mines. His narrative is brief but distinctly entertaining. In the vicinity of Cooper's Flat and Chinese Camp he was employed by "Kentuck & Company" for four dollars per day. After working for a few weeks they cleaned up and found that it paid only three dollars per day to each man. "As soon as I learned that it did not pay what was considered day's wages I went to Kentuck and said I did not want him to pay me four dollars when the claim only paid them three dollars per day to the man. He was pleased with what I told him and



made me this proposition: You come and live with us, work with us and take an equal share of the profits after paying water money. Then I was to bear my share of the cost of the provisions, without paying rent for room or cooking utensils or sluice boxes and mining tools, of which he had a good outfit. There were now four of us working together. We continued work on this ground two weeks longer and then cleaned up. After paying water money we found we had about fifty cents per day per man. Kentuck said we must go out and prospect for better placer mining."

His next venture was at Table Mountain where fortune was more kind, for before it gave out the claim yielded daily thirty dollars to each man. Later, Detweiler returned to Stockton, where he engaged independently in "mule-teaming," and for this purpose appears to have been the first individual to receive a state license. He then purchased a one-fourth interest in a quartz mine near Jamestown which he retained for thirty-eight years. He returned to Ohio in 1866, where his later years were mostly passed.

Mr. Detweiler withdrew from active affairs in 1911, but his long and useful life did not come to its close until 1922. It is quite characteristic of this staunch and sturdy old pioneer, that wherever he lived he had always retained his citizenship in Ohio, wherein when a boy he had received his start in life, and where in 1860, he was married.

Robert Ernest Cowan.



**A Pioneer Mother of California.** By Elisha Brooks. Written for his grandchildren to show them how the emigrants crossed the Plains, and also what manner of person was their Great Grandmother. San Francisco: (Harr Wagner Publishing Co.) 1922. Ports. 61pp. 12<sup>o</sup>.

The tribute of the writer to a gentle pioneer, his mother who endured the hardships of the overland route in 1852. Many interesting incidents are given, and there is added a sketch of the life of the author who is a man widely and well known as an educator, having been for many years principal of the Girls' High School of San Francisco.

Robert Ernest Cowan.